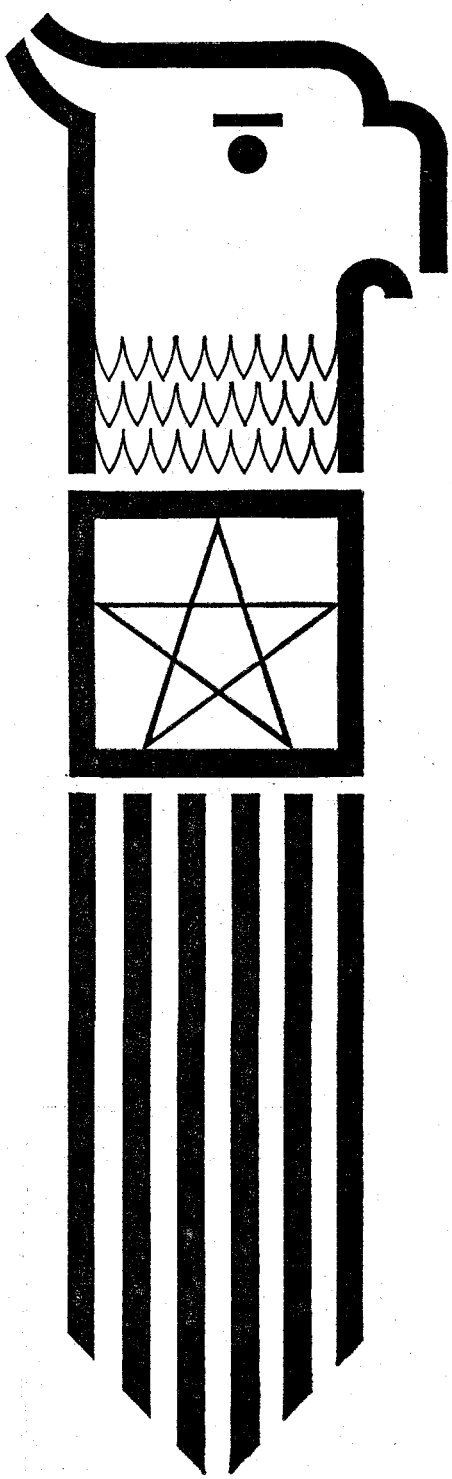
C. WRIGHT MILLS: Dan Wakefield

THE NATION

APRIL 14, 1962 . . 25c



Theologians in Distress

DILEMMA OF THE 'JUST WAR'

Theodore Roszak

★

Republic Aviation

JUGGERNAUT IN REVERSE

Elizabeth Sutherland

★

Moscow vs. Peking

REASONS for the RIFT

Alexandre Metaxas

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LETTERS

The Untouchable?

Dear Sirs: Professor Luther A. Allen depicts the authoritarian nature of Ngo Dinh Diem's regime in South Vietnam with helpful detail and concreteness ("South Vietnam: Freedom Is the Issue," March 17). However, Allen's narrative invites confusion by its neglect of the legal and moral issues raised by the overtness of American participation in South Vietnamese politics.... The legal basis of American action in South Vietnam is very tenuous, resting as it does upon the right to support Diem by a symmetrical counter-intervention to neutralize the prior intervention of North Vietnam. This element of the situation bears directly upon any supervisory role that the United States may properly exercise in South Vietnamese political life.

Furthermore, the basis for American military presence is completely unrelated to any undertaking to democratize Diem's government, whether it be to make it more effective against communism, or merely more pleasing to us. The United States is in South Vietnam to offset aggression, not to coerce benevolent political reforms. Such a distinction may appear artificial, but it rests upon the desirability of national autonomy in the relations of nations with one another....

RICHARD A. FALK
Center of International Studies
Princeton, N. J. Princeton University

Correct Criteria

Dear Sirs: Just a line to commend your music critic, Benjamin Boretz, for his column of March 17, and to thank him for being honest enough to state the inadequacies of Wallenstein and the greatness of Klemperer. The criteria by which he evaluates artists and compositions are excellent, and I completely agree with him on the dearth of *good,* live performances and compositions.

Los Angeles, Calif. GOLDIE ROGERS

Unbending to Falsehood

Dear Sirs: Wasn't it John Dewey who used to step away from his desk in order to signal his students whenever he was indulging in conjecture, not fact?

Reading Mr. Metcalf's "Education or Propaganda?" in your March 10 issue, I remembered Dewey, and would like to suggest that high school teachers stiffen into a robot-like attitude on occasions when they are required to betray the spirit of free inquiry. SAM GADD
Highland Park, Ill.

Symbols and Rationality

Dear Sirs: I would like to express my appreciation for Howard Zinn's "The Force of Nonviolence" [March 17]. For our own survival, there is an imperative need for our recognition of the lack of relationship between symbols and the physical world. This recognition must result in improved communication that will demand more rational behavior.

NOLAND B. CAVEY
Rancho Cordova, Calif.

Words on Words

Dear Sirs: I am sorry to find an editorial writer in *The Nation,* in commenting on the new Third Edition of *Webster's Dictionary,* being as uninformed, muddle-headed and stuffy as the editors of *The New York Times.* I refer to the writer of "English Spoken" (March 10); and as a teacher for thirty years of "Freshman English," I should like to set him straight.

First, the aim of language is communication, and nothing in language is "right" or "wrong" except as it helps or hinders human beings in their efforts to communicate with one another.

Second, words mean what they are used to mean. If a word has a certain meaning to a majority . . . there is simply no sense in trying to make it mean something else because it "ought to." ("Disinterested" now means "uninterested," and it is futile to insist on the former meaning of "impartial.")

Third, as the example shows, words change their meanings. Many of Shakespeare's words do not mean to us what they meant to him, and none of us would think of using them in 1962 as he used them in 1600.

Fourth, the preceding principles apply to grammar, which is merely an account of the forms that words have when used in certain relations with one another....

ELLSWORTH BARNARD
Northern Michigan College
Marquette, Mich.

Dear Sirs: The avalanche of criticism which has greeted the current edition of Webster's *New International Dictionary* is an effective answer to Douglas N. Williams' attack [March 24, Letters column] on your original editorial on the subject [March 10]. I found your editorial one of the clearest, most succinct and well considered of all the criticisms of the dictionary. It is shocking to find a professor of English treating this lexicographical disaster in the fashion he employed. It would not be at all difficult to follow his suggestion of consulting a "qualified professional linguist conversant with the subject," but it would be harder to find such who would agree with him that a dictionary's only function is to record linguistic deterioration. WILLIAM PUTNAM, M.D
Lyme, N.H.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 15

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Operation Sunrise

Between the lines of Homer Bigart's *New York Times* dispatches from Saigon, one can read an increasingly urgent note of warning. The United States, through its Ngo Dinh Diem alliance, is bogging down deeper and deeper in South Vietnam. In the name of freedom, we are now resorting to the same concentration-camp techniques that the British used in Malaya and the French in Algeria. The method so far is to "resettle" peasants who are either friendly to guerrillas or neutral, and who are suspected of giving aid in one form or another to the anti-government forces. Resettlement consists in burning their houses and moving them into stockades. The operation was conducted as humanely as possible, Bigart says, by Vietnamese government troops with American funds, supplies and military assistance. The American military advisers who supervised one such operation pointed out that the new settlement had a minimum of barbed wire "to avoid a concentration camp atmosphere."

Bigart's account is fully corroborated by the *Time* and *Newsweek* correspondents on the scene. At Ben Cat, some twenty-seven miles north of Saigon, the farmers were assembled and told they would be moved to a nearby strategic village called Ben Tuong, with prospective improvements such as deep wells, a school, a market, a clinic and other inducements. Seventy families agreed to move, but 140 other families "had to be convinced at gun point." Ben Cat was then burned. At Ben Tuong the displaced persons were greeted by a banner bearing the message: "We will root out all the Viet Cong who destroy our villages." The observers noted, however, that the peasants were all either old or very young. Those between seventeen and thirty-three had gone into hiding or were serving with the Viet Cong.

Time correspondent Jerry Rose asked a volunteer if he preferred Ben Tuong to Ben Cat. The peasant answered: "I had a nice home with a garden before." Why had he volunteered? "We were told to come by the chief of the province." Why? "I don't know." Had the Viet Cong harmed him? "No, no. I saw them, but they never bothered me."

The U.S. military mission will now try to transform the peasants into a local militia to fight the Viet Cong. The fighting spirit of the peasants may leave something to be desired. Some will melt back into the jungle; the others presumably will remain wards of the American taxpayer. The most disquieting development, however, is that the news of the plan, fully approved by Defense Secretary McNamara, Ambassador Nolting and the U.S. military command in South Vietnam, will spread over Asia. The Americans in South Vietnam will look to the Asians as the French looked to the Algerians (and to the Indo-Chinese before that). As anti-American sentiment gathers force, the Chinese Reds may decide it is their move. They gave warning once before. Vietnam is far from home. We may be walking into a trap of our own making.

The State of the Record

A spokesman for Richard M. Nixon, the harried author of *Six Crises*, now says that his statement in the book that the FBI, on December 13, 1948, found the famous Woodstock typewriter that figured so prominently in the Hiss case, is in error and will be corrected in subsequent editions. According to Spokesman, researchers for Mr. Nixon had been misled by "erroneous news stories," written at the time, reporting that the FBI had found the machine. The "erroneous" report referred to is presumably the story by Tony Smith (Scripps-Howard Syndicate) of December 13, 1948, from which Fred J. Cook quoted in his article in last week's *Nation*.

But the Tony Smith story did *not* state that the FBI had found the typewriter; it stated quite clearly — and Mr. Cook quoted the passage — that "House investigators have found the typewriter they believe was used to copy the stolen government documents in the Hiss-Chambers case"; that is, investigators for the House Committee on Un-American Activities which, under Mr. Nixon's direction, and by his own account, was then working round the clock in a feverish effort to secure the indictment of Hiss before the term of the grand jury expired.

Nor is this the only difficulty with Spokesman's explanation. For example, in *Six Crises*, Mr. Nixon — or Spokesman, or researchers, or whoever was responsible

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for the text — goes on to tell how the FBI "typed exact copies of the incriminating documents on the old Woodstock machine" and had them flown up to New York on December 15, 1948 — two days after the Tony Smith story appeared — "as exhibits for members of the grand jury to see. . . ." But this piece of information did not appear in the Smith story of two days earlier, of course, and Spokesman does not tell us where or how it was obtained.

After an investigation of the "pertinent files and records of the case," Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy states that "the FBI never had possession of the disputed typewriter." In a word, the Attorney General agrees that, in this respect, Mr. Nixon or his researchers made a mistake. But Mr. Kennedy's statement does not dispose of the discrepancies noted above. The state of the record, then, is this: Neither Mr. Nixon's spokesman, nor Mr. Nixon, nor the Attorney General has stated that Tony Smith was incorrect when he reported, at the time, that "House investigators" had found, or claimed to have found, the Woodstock machine. Nor has it been denied that "exact copies" of the "incriminating documents" were typed on the Woodstock — quite apart from who found the machine — and submitted it to the grand jury.

Those Poor Little Magazines

In connection with the proposed increase in magazine and newspaper mailing rates, *Time* (April 6) dropped a tear for the "little magazines," among which it cited *The Nation*. In some cases, said *Time*, the hike would add up to a death sentence, or close to it. Such is *Time's* solicitude for its small brethren that it went to the trouble of recording what the proposed increase would do to *The Nation's* annual mail bill for subscribers' copies; it would go up from $6,800 annually to $18,630. Later in the article, the corresponding figures were given for Time, Inc. *Its* postage payments would rise $7,500,000 a year, to $25,500,000.

The Nation is naturally grateful for these kindly and altruistic sentiments, and it shares the mass magazines' distaste for rising costs. *The Nation* would rather not see any increase in second-class rates nor, for that matter, in first-class rates. But should the rates be increased, *The Nation* will be able to regard them with comparative equanimity. In 1865, when E. L. Godkin began publishing *The Nation*, the subscription price was $6 a year, which would correspond to several times the present rate of $8 a year. If the postage goes up, the subscription rate will go up correspondingly—and the subscribers will continue to subscribe. They have done so for ninety-seven years and it is a reasonable extrapolation, to use a word which is not one of our favorites, that they will still be paying for *The Nation* when some of the colossi have joined *Collier's, The Literary Digest, Everybody's, The Woman's Home Companion* and other casualties of recent and remote circulation wars.

Unlike the readers of the mass magazines, *The Nation's* readers pay for what they read. Ideas are necessary to life and if you can have an idea now and then, some people will pay you. And some won't, but they need ideas just the same: the chief editorial writer of a great metropolitan daily recently acknowledged that many of the ideas of the big magazines and newspapers come from magazines like *The Nation*, which are not inhibited by their very bigness. If you sell ideas, you don't need to get ulcers about the inroads of television, and you can save a few millions a year by not taking full-page advertisements in the great metropolitan dailies, telling your advertisers why they should take full-page ads in your magazine. And the Postmaster General can't make or break you.

The End of the Road

Integration is coming hard for white Southerners, but particularly hard for the Roman Catholics of Louisiana. Not only has Judge J. Skelly Wright of the Federal District Court decreed that all public schools in New Orleans from the first through the sixth grades are to be open to Negro children this fall, but the venerable Archbishop of New Orleans, Joseph Francis Rummel, has announced that all Catholic schools from the first to the twelfth grades are to be integrated—and not merely on a token basis, but totally.

Leander Henry Perez, boss of Plaquemines Parish and unchallenged champion rabble rouser of Louisiana since the death of Earl Long, has openly defied his Archbishop and counseled Catholics to discontinue their contributions to the Church. His language, as nationally televised on April 2, was particularly choice. "Cut off their water," he said repeatedly in an address to Catholic members of the White Citizens Council, and "Quit giving them money to feed their fat bellies." "They" are the clergy of his own church. Racial integration, according to Perez, is a Communist-Zionist conspiracy and the Catholic Church is "being used as a front for clever Jews." As for Negroes, they are "unprincipled, unmoral, unclean." A while ago, he said, "Don't wait for your daughter to be raped by these Congolese. Do something about it now."

Some of Perez's Catholic-segregationist followers think the same thoughts, but their language is nicer. And some are in genuine agony of spirit. Mrs. B. J. Gaillot, Jr., president of Save Our Nation, Inc., has accepted a letter of "paternal admonition" from the Archbishop and was to have had an interview with him to debate doctrine last week. Her chances of prevailing in this argument can hardly be considered good.

A letter of admonition is the usual preliminary to

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excommunication if defiance is continued. Emile A. Wagner, a Catholic lawyer and a leader in the fight against integration, refused to accept the registered letter from the Archbishop. He has appealed to the Pope to rule on the question.

His Holiness has already ruled, to all intents and purposes. Moreover, there is a close precedent for Archbishop Rummel's action. In St. Louis, some years ago, Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter crushed opposition to parochial-school integration with the threat of excommunication. Archbishop Ritter is now a Cardinal. Those New Orleans Catholics who prefer a Perez to a Rummel are coming to the end of a road which has no turning.

A Whiff of Grape

This is the quaint phrase with which the warriors of a bygone day described what, in another quaint phrase, was called the baptism of fire, or the smell of gunpowder. You were supposed to be a better man afterwards. In that case, we may all be as good as the angels soon because, according to the Associated Press, "some" military leaders want weapons in future nuclear tests to be fired by regular crews from operational bases. The fully armed missiles would then pass over populated areas, as they would in a nuclear war. This much was gleaned from the heavily censored testimony of Major Gen. Robert H. Booth, head of the Defense Atomic Support Agency, before the House Appropriations Committee. What the military want is a "systems test" as distinguished from a "proof test," in which the warhead is detonated without the preliminary firing and delivery that would be necessary in combat.

A sensible idea, surely, but does it go far enough? Scientists-weaponeers have pointed out that no one has ever fired a missile with a nuclear explosion at the end of its flight. While we have every reason to believe that the warhead of an ICBM would explode as programed after re-entry, there cannot be absolute certainty until we have actually fired the missile and seen the warhead explode on or near target.

But that is still not enough. While President Kennedy has recently suggested that under some conditions we might fire the first nuclear shot in a nuclear war, we are essentially in the deterrent business. We are to have thousands of missiles buried in the ground at enormous cost, so that they can be fired in retaliation if the Russians hit us first. We know that a Minuteman can be launched from one of these hardened silos, for that has been done. But the Russians had not impacted one of their missiles near the silo before our test was made. At least three unfortunate things can happen in a real war where the Russians will do a great deal of such impacting. The shock wave from the Russian missile may derange the firing mechanism of our missile, and it may not blast off. Or it may blast off, but it may be a dud when it arrives in the Soviet Union. The electromagnetic effects of the Russian missile may cause the same malfunctions. It follows that, in order to be sure we have a real deterrent at our command, either we must arrange with the Russians to fire a few rounds at our missile complexes, or we must do it ourselves. Our civilian population may not relish this nuclear baptism, but they might as well learn, on a small scale, what The Day is going to be like.

REPUBLIC AVIATION

JUGGERNAUT IN REVERSE . . *by Elizabeth Sutherland*

OUT IN central Long Island, N. Y., about a dozen miles east of where Lindbergh once took off in "The Spirit of St. Louis" on a trip to Paris, jet fighter-bombers made in the Republic Aviation Corporation's huge plant now roar by so fast that you have to look ahead of the deafening sound for a glimpse of the plane. Just how much longer Republic and its 15,500 employees will be there became a burning question last February.

ELIZABETH SUTHERLAND is an editor at Simon and Schuster and a free-lance writer.

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara announced in late January that, as a result of recent Soviet developments, his department would reduce its order for Republic's F-105D Thunderchief, pet of the Air Force, and gradually replace it with a modified version of the Navy's F-4H, built by McDonnell Aircraft in St. Louis. "Phasing-out" the F-105, which represents 90 per cent of Republic's business, meant that the company would lose $600 million in orders and have no production schedule beyond 1964, whereas it had expected to roll until 1966 (it takes about two years to make an F-105). Republic estimated that if no new contracts were won, it would have to lay off 13,000 workers—1,500 by March 30; 3,800 by the end of 1962, the balance in 1963.

Congressmen from Long Island and local labor and civic leaders stirred up a storm of protest, predicting economic disaster for the area. Letter-writing tables were set up in 700 restaurants, bowling alleys and stores; by mid-February, 30,000 pleas for reconsideration had been counted at the White House and forwarded to the Pentagon, where one official called it "the biggest flap over the phase-out of a defense con-

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tract" he had ever seen. Nevertheless, in a statement issued February 19, President Kennedy upheld the decision on the grounds of national security: the modified F-4H, to be designated the F-110, was the preferred plane. Republic, however, could bid for subcontracts on the F-110, and there were vague promises of new prime contracts for the company.

After that the situation quieted, except for union-management negotiations about compensation for laid-off Republic employees. But the three-week furor has raised a number of deeper questions that emerged also in the B-70 dispute and elsewhere in our defense program; some of them were vividly presented in *The Nation's* special issue of Oct. 28, 1961, "Juggernaut," and more recently in NBC's White Paper, "Arms and the State." How much politics is being played with defense spending? Should local economic needs influence the awarding of contracts? Do the effects of canceled contracts suggest that disarmament would be economically disastrous and politically unacceptable in this country under its present system? And finally, is there not great stupidity — not to mention immorality—in the very nature of the arms race in America, where billions of taxpayers' dollars are being spent, with giant profits going to a few men, in order to develop a piece of hardware which Russian advances may render obsolete even before it is manufactured?

THESE questions, however, provided little of the dialogue in the Republic drama as enacted by company officials, politicians, newsmen and labor leaders.

A few words about the setting for this rather messy play. Today Long Island—meaning Nassau and Suffolk counties and not including Queens, which is part of New York City—is the fastest growing community in the United States, the fourth largest metropolitan market area. Twenty years ago, Nassau-Suffolk had only a half-million people; the population now is more than 2 million. It was World War II, when 100,000 defense workers came to the area, that turned potato fields into housing developments, and the defense industry is still the area's single biggest employer. The four major firms are Sperry Gyroscope (navigational Polaris and radar equipment and missile-guidance systems), Republic, Grumman Aircraft, and the Arma Division of American Bosch Arma Corp. (computers and firing devices).

Republic sprawls beside Route 110 in East Farmingdale, not far south of where Walt Whitman once lived. Farmingdale, a small, sleepy town composed of a Main Street plus lots of pleasant-looking frame houses, has grown far less than other Long Island communities; few Republic workers live there. With plenty of open land left, the rural atmosphere is still strong in spots and signs on Route 110 announce clams for sale at forty for $1.00 or potatoes at fifty pounds for $1.25. But north toward Huntingdon, brand-new branches of New York City's big department stores and other urban blessings have sprung up in clusters. On the same road lies the modern headquarters building of Lodge 1987 of the International Association of Machinists (AFL-CIO); 9,200 of its members work at Republic.

Originally founded in 1931 as the Seversky Aircraft Corporation by Russian-born Major Alexander de Seversky, Republic acquired its present name in 1939. During World War II, it became the world's largest commercial producer of fighter aircraft and thrived again on the Korean War primarily by making one type of plane at a time and making it well (the P-47 and F-84 were two notable examples). In recent years, its single-crop economy has been based on the F-105. Republic stock soared last year, with net profits after taxes of almost $11 million, a 100 per cent increase over 1960. The company, unlike most defense plants which lease land free from the government, was also in the agreeable position of owning its own 500 acres —a solid hunk of potential income.

Republic officials made no public protest against the phase-out at first, probably to avoid or at least postpone the adverse effect on its stock position. Moreover, publicity would focus attention on the failure to diversify, suggesting management shortsightedness (particularly since a phase-out of the F-105 had been discussed as far back as the Eisenhower administration). But other Long Islanders had different concerns, and the ensuing uproar put Republic in the embarrassing position of being made to appear much more desperate than it wanted to look. Management was annoyed when the figure of 13,000 future layoffs was quoted without reference to the possibility of future contracts; on the other hand, President Mundy Peale (in office since 1947) couldn't sound too ungrateful for the community effort.

TODAY, with the cutback definite, Republic still maintains that there wasn't enough difference between the two planes to justify disruption of a carefully developed, efficient production setup. The whole question of which fighter is "better" has been much debated, remains unsettled and is probably irrelevant; the point is, better for what? Republic's single-engine, one-man F-105 carries more bombs, has greater range and costs less, while McDonnell's two-man, two-engine F-4H flies higher, can fly faster at high altitudes and, being a carrier-based plane, can take off and land in a smaller area. General Thomas D. White of the Air Force told a Congressional subcommittee last year that the Air Force had decided in 1960 to continue with the F-105 ". . . simply because it was cheaper. The performance differences are negligible." Apparently, Secretary McNamara was convinced that the modified Navy craft, because of its superior speed and altitude (now being stressed by the Russians), would be more suitable as a plane for all three services until the TFX, the tri-service "plane of the future," is ready in about 1966. That plane—and here is the irony of the Republic crisis—will probably make both the F-105 and the modified F-4H obsolete. Republic had expected to get the development contract for the TFX, which went to Boeing and Convair instead; they consider its loss as much, if not more, of a blow than the F-105 phase-out.

At present, Republic tries hard to accentuate the positive and particularly the space work being done at its new Paul Moore Research and

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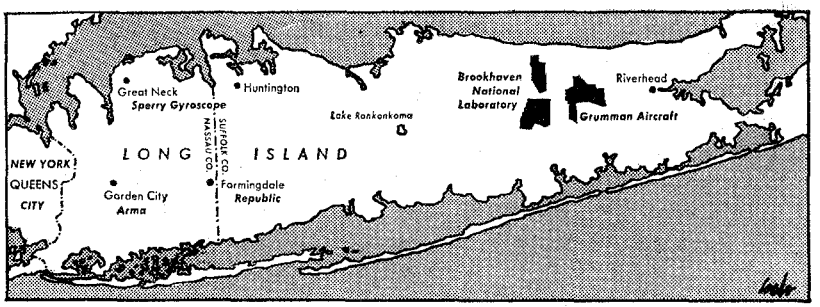
Development Center, where two major government-commissioned projects are under way: the plasma-pinch engine, which would provide long-range propulsion for craft once in space, and a rendezvous system for the moon-destined Apollo spaceship. But these contracts bring in only nickels by Republic standards, while their future income potential remains questionable. At the end of March, Republic did get its first major space "hardware" (as opposed to R&D) contract—$5 million for construction of two experimental reentry spacecraft. But this, primarily an engineering operation, will not mean more jobs. As for subcontracting from McDonnell, Republic intends to bid; again, many kinds of jobs cannot be saved thus. The St. Louis company, on the other hand, has big adaptation work ahead and lacks the men to do it; they have already been recruiting on Long Island. All in all, Republic's future—though full of ifs—doesn't appear hopeless, particularly should it be able to perform impressively in space work. Even so, one can safely predict that its stockholders will come off better than its workers.

THE PUBLICITY which put Republic on the defensive was generated by Long Island politicians. Rep. Otis T. Pike (a Democrat from Riverhead, L.I.), a member of the House Armed Services Committee, first disclosed the planned cutback on January 31 and foresaw economic disaster on the island. He spearheaded the movement to fight the decision together with Eugene Nickerson, Nassau County Executive and also a Democrat, and Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.). Nickerson, on the basis of the 3-to-1 rule used by economists, said that the final Republic unemployment figure of 15,000 would be trebled by those laid off in 1,000 subcontracting and supplier firms now involved in the F-105 program. The total of 60,000 would put Long Island in the "distressed area" category.

In a state whose Governor and Senators are Republicans, the three Democrats were not unaware that their efforts to save the F-105 — which never seemed likely to succeed — might be tangibly appreciated



locally at next November's election. Governor Rockefeller promised to press for a contract extension, charging that the Defense Department had discriminated against New York State in favor of the West Coast, but he actually made much less noise than the Democratic politicians. They fought to the end for complete restoration, rejecting the government's promises of subcontracting work for Republic. Yet when Kennedy finally upheld the phase-out, the reaction settled along predictable party lines. Pike and Celler were now "encouraged" about new contract possibilities, while New York's Republican Senators, Javits and Keating, as well as the Governor, remained "unconvinced."

A major role in arousing the local population to the phase-out effect was played by *Newsday*, Long Island's leading daily (the thirteenth largest newspaper in the country). *Newsday*, a "liberal independent" paper, has been pro-Democratic on many issues. This time it carried a steady stream of stories on the situation, plus editorials; on February 8, it ran a special supplement which was distributed in Congress, the White House, the Pentagon; in stores and restaurants all over Long Island; to subscribers and 60,000 non-subscribers; and, on Monday beginning at 5:30 A.M., on the seats of all trains going into New York City.

However, *Newsday's* editors did not demand a total reversal of the decision; they asked only that the government soften the blow—by a one-year extension of the contract, if possible. In creating a hullabaloo, the paper had to soft-pedal its own long-standing disapproval of Republic management for its failure to diversify and for certain personnel policies. After the President's final statement, *Newsday* seemed satisfied that it had accomplished its purpose of making Washington recognize Long Island's plight. Their editorials now echoed Kennedy's and McNamara's statements that national security comes first; defense contracts cannot be assigned on the basis of an area's economy.

ON THE labor front, Justin Ostro, president of the local Machinists lodge, fought originally for a complete reversal and urged his members to write Washington. One of the "new type" of union leaders, Ostro is a soft-spoken, personable man of thirty-four who worked on the Republic assembly line before being elected union head for seven years in succession. Under his leadership, three contracts were negotiated providing wage and fringe benefits, including a cost-of-living adjustment new to the Long Island aircraft industry. Ostro seems to know as much about planes as labor problems, and he contested the phase-out on grounds similar to management's: Republic could produce its plane, which had not been proved inferior, in far less time than McDonnell could make the modified F-4H. He has been very skeptical about the success of what he calls "making two planes into one," and doesn't see much point in it anyway since the TFX will outmode both in four years—and even that plane will be useful only for limited war. But he also remembers vividly the economic effects of a four-month strike in 1956, when "I couldn't walk into a restaurant or bowling alley without feeling daggers in my back."

Ostro accepted the handwriting on the wall more quickly and quietly than did the Nassau-Suffolk Congressmen. Following Kennedy's decision to uphold the phase-out, he

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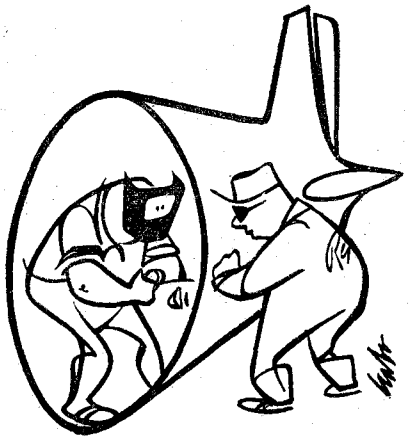

busied himself negotiating a new contract with management to replace the one which ended April 1. Under the old contract, workers received two days' notice or two days' pay when fired (this lack of compensation is prevalent throughout the aircraft and missile industry). Ostro's main new demands, aimed at easing the layoffs, were: lump severance pay in accordance with seniority, and supplemental unemployment benefits which would guarantee a worker 62 per cent of his weekly pay before taxes. Republic "cried poor," maintaining that it could not afford the $10 million these payments would cost. The Machinists — together with 300 members of various other unions—went on strike April 2.

THE MEN themselves tend to be fatalistic about everything that has happened. Many have experienced layoffs before, at Republic and other aircraft plants. There have not yet been any mass scenes of gloomy-faced workers coming through the gates at quitting-time; in fact, the only way you can definitely tell a man has been laid off is when he carries his tool-box home with him. Of the 245 dismissed to date, a number found other jobs almost immediately. Some, like John De Mott, are special cases. He worked the night shift at Republic on and off for ten years—the average length of service there—and as a short-order cook in between ("Sometimes I feel like making planes, sometimes hamburgers"). Even before he was served notice, he had a job lined up at a diner near Republic. His solution is individualistic: "I told those fellows, all you know is airplanes—learn something else." But De Mott has to work longer hours now to make less money and has lost all the fringe benefits (which are better at Republic than at most similar plants). Ronald Adams, a twenty-six-year-old tool and die-maker, had worked at Republic only three weeks and got another job two days later with a new electronics firm. But before that, he had been laid off from Sperry after seven years of service. So goes the pattern of insecurity.

For certain types of workers such as structural assemblers, the situation is even more difficult. Leroy Carwellos lost his job at Liberty Aircraft after ten years when that company simply folded, then at Republic after four years, and hasn't found new work yet. "There are too many assemblers. Aircraft is going out, missiles are in," he says, "and it's the responsibility of the government to retrain workers."

All of these men live in purchased rather than rented houses, and this factor makes the Long Island situation potentially worse than other parts of the country hit by cutbacks. They can't sell and move out easily; who will buy? Their homes are located all over the island, so that the economic effects of the layoffs cannot be judged by any one community. The gloomiest man in the immediate vicinity is undoubtedly the owner of the Avis Diner across the road from Republic's plant, who gets 90 per cent of his business from there. In nearby Farmingdale, some stores — particularly those selling luxury items ("Beautiful Ship-Clock, $13.47") — already report a noticeable drop in trade. The wives of Republic men are buying even their food more selectively now, and markets as far away as Lake Ronkonkoma, where some forty workers' families live, already feel it. In fact, the farther out on Long Island from Republic, the worse the situation could become, because the easternmost communities are almost wholly dependent on local employment and few residents bring home paychecks from New York City.

ACCORDING to many employees, as well as others involved in the Republic crisis, politics was the real reason for the phase-out decision. One theory is that preference for the St. Louis, Mo., company plane was no geographical accident. Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri is a ranking Democratic member of the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences as well as a former Secretary of the Air Force under President Truman. The Chairman of the powerful House Appropriations Committee, Clarence Cannon, is a Democratic Congressman from Missouri. James E. Webb, director of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), was formerly on the board of directors of McDonnell. And McDonnell, who made the space capsule, also received the contract for producing Gemini, which is next on our spacecraft schedule. This company has shown itself to be more future-minded than Republic, but it's hard to believe that area favoritism didn't play some role.

In *Newsday*, journalist Bob Greene put forth another theory: the phase-out decision climaxed a dispute inside the Armed Services: the Air Force, happy with the F-105, argued against the Navy's position that its plane, the F-4H, would cost far less if bought in bulk by all three services. Secretary McNamara, seeking standardized equipment in line with his service-unification policy, came to agree with the latter. The Republic dispute might also be related to the conflict between McNamara and Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee over the B-70 [see editorial, "Mr. McNamara and 'Juggernaut,'" *The Nation*, March 31]. Vinson, plus the Air Force, fought the battle for the undeveloped bomber against Clarence Cannon and McNamara. The F-105 and the B-70 would seem to have some of the same opponents and advocates, and for some of the same reasons. The argument against the B-70 was that by the time it could be produced, missiles would have eliminated its usefulness, along with that of all manned bombers; one of the F-105's major advantages over the F-4H is its greater bomb-load capacity.

But if the Executive branch of government appears to be more far-sighted than the legislative, neither can lick the increasingly expensive,

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appallingly wasteful unpredictability of the arms race. All areas of defense work, including the missile, are haunted by the possibility that tomorrow's new weapon will be outdated yesterday by some Russian advance. *Space/Aeronautics* reported last November that the Army's Nike-Zeus, an unproduced anti-ICBM weapon which has been costing us a million dollars a day just to develop, may already be obsolete—and recent statements by Premier Khrushchev appeared to confirm this. Yet the arms race, which is less like a race than like Dodgem cars whirling in a nightmarish amusement park, continues. The fight to save Republic's F-105 has revealed the extent to which our deadly game is accepted as an inevitable and necessary part of American life today. That life, as President Eisenhower said in his farewell speech, "is not a way of life at all in any true sense. Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron."

THEOLOGIANS IN DISTRESS

DILEMMA of the 'JUST WAR' . . *by Theodore Roszak*

THERE ARE essentially three attitudes Christians can assume toward war. They can regard it as a crusade, a positive manifestation of the will of God. Or, as pacifists, they can reject it as radically wicked, the very antithesis of the will of God. Or, they can treat it as a morally neutral instrument, capable of use in the service either of justice or injustice.

These three attitudes are still very much a part of current Christian thought on war. The pacifists remain in the forefront of the peace movement, challenging the consciences of us all and making, since the end of World War II, the most valuable intellectual and political contributions in their long history. Meanwhile, Dr. Schwarz's Crusaders and Dr. Buchman's Moral Re-armers keep the sword of the Holy War honed to a keen edge.

But the pacifists and the crusaders continue to make up a small minority of the Christian community, its clergymen and intellectual leaders. For the vast number of Christians, war, in our own time as in the time of the Emperor Constantine, has been subject to a Just War analysis. This is the doctrine that, in one form or another, is most apt to appear in the various official statements of groups like the National Council of the Churches of Christ, or the World Council of Churches. It is the doctrine that leading Christian thinkers are using to pick their way through the complexities of thermonuclear war.

In the sixteen years since Hiroshima, what insights and moral directives have they wrung from the Just War doctrine?

The doctrine — as it comes down from St. Thomas Aquinas — defines the Just War by two provisos: it is a war fought (1) for a just cause, and (2) by permissible means.

FIRST, THE PROBLEM of the just cause. The difficulty this raises is quite obvious: how are we to decide which enemy in a war has justice on his side? What are the criteria for deciding, and who is to apply them? Contemporary Just War theorists are quick to observe that, in this imperfect world, we cannot expect the simplicity of a black-and-white moral choice. In applying the doctrine, we must be satisfied with a mere "margin of justice." One does not choose between the angels and devils, but between the greater and lesser devils.

This may refine the problem, but it does not eliminate it. We must still know on which side the margin of justice lies. Following the last war, Pope Pius XII offered Catholics at least one criterion: he unconditionally condemned the initiation of war. Regardless of the cause, he denied the right of self-redress by armed aggression. Apparently Reinhold Niebuhr has worked to a similar position. In 1955, he concluded, "Although oppression was never more abhorrent to the Christian conscience . . . the concept of a Just War does not provide moral justification for initiating a war of incalculable consequences to end such oppression."

When history offers us situations like the Anglo-French invasion of Suez, this criterion is easily applied. But unhappily, aggression is not always so clear-cut. If American and East German troops should clash along the *Autobahn* tomorrow, which would be the "aggressors"? Who are the aggressors in Vietnam or Laos? Does the Castro regime in Cuba represent—as the phrase goes—"Communist aggression against the Western Hemisphere?" Is a pre-emptive nuclear strike aggression?

Further, the Pope's position would seem to paralyze any response to a *fait accompli*. That is, if Communist forces had succeeded in overrunning South Korea rapidly enough in 1950, apparently any effort on our part to liberate the country would have been unjust. In situations like this—and we are confronted by many of them all over the world today—wars of defense (which are permissible) may rapidly give way to wars of liberation (which are not).

But even before we can decide what is or is not aggression, we must know the facts: who fired the first shot and exactly why. Without such information, the doctrine cannot be applied. And yet it has taken us some forty years to unravel with any degree of certainty the events that produced World War I. We are still not clear who first crossed the 38th Parallel in Korea. With the hair-trigger war machinery we now possess, how much time will we have in the future

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to collect and weigh the facts before we begin pushing buttons and killing millions?

CONFRONTED by such a dilemma, it is tempting to make the "presumption of justice" in behalf of one's own country — the standard solution of the clergy in the past. But this "solves" the problem at the expense of destroying the doctrine. The absurdity to which this leads is clear enough from the fact that most German clergy during World War II counseled their parishioners "to do their best with faith in the cause of their people."

To be sure, America is not Nazi Germany. And admittedly, in overall moral character American society, taken as a whole, stands taller in the eyes of most of us than does Communist society — taken as a whole. But this misses the point. Wars usually break out over limited issues, and on a limited issue even the Communists can be in the right. It is no doubt patriotic to deny this. But let us profit from C. Wright Mills's "power elite" analysis of American politics. To grant our government the presumption of justice on every cold-war issue is not only theoretically absurd with respect to Just War doctrine; it may often be factually false.

It is precisely on these limited issues, capable of setting the cold war ablaze, that the Just War doctrine must tell us something or prove useless. Can we be sure that Russia's case regarding Western access rights to Berlin — or, indeed, Russia's whole German policy — is totally unjustified? If the Kremlin had supported Lumumba in the Congo with arms, and the West had resisted, can we be quite clear which nation would have been supporting the just cause? If issues like this are to be decided on the basis of national interest alone, then obviously the doctrine of the Just War is superfluous. On the other hand, if we decide nothing until these limited disputes have been submerged in an all-out general war that confronts us with a crude choice between "Communism or Democracy," the doctrine has failed us pitifully. It is analogous to a medical science which cannot prescribe for a common cold until it develops into pneumonia; by that time, the patient may be dead.

Montaigne once observed, "It is rating one's conjectures at a very high price to roast a man alive on the strength of them." Multiply the man by several million and the dilemma posed by the first provision of the doctrine is agonizingly clear. It is as simple as saying that there are two sides to every dispute. In our domestic affairs, we have found a way around this. We categorically forbid resort to violence and, with some semblance of impartiality, adjudicate between disputants by way of established legal procedures. But where is the objective third party in either the political or religious communities to evaluate the disputes of nations?

What we are discussing here is not, of course, a theoretical flaw in the Just War doctrine, but rather an institutional failing in our society. In the absence of well-developed and enforceable international law, the first provision of the doctrine cannot but be a dead letter, except in the most blatant cases of groundless and unmistakable aggression. Such cases occur, but not often.

AFTER citing the nearly total inapplicability of the "right cause" provision, one is loath to take up the problem of "right means" as if it were a logically detachable part of the doctrine. It isn't. War in our time — even in its most limited forms — is far too savage to serve as a trial by combat. If men are to kill men, even by "permissible means," it ought to be for the enforcement of a justice objectively defined beforehand.

One can only entertain with deep reluctance the proposal Paul Ramsey makes in his recent book, *War and the Christian Conscience*:

> [Let us] seriously reconsider the question of the just conduct of war. For it may well be the case that natural reason falters in attempting to make large comparison of the justice inherent in great regimes in conflict, but is quite competent to deliver verdict upon a specific action that is proposed in warfare.

This may be the best we can do in an anarchic world where conflict is inevitable. But let us be quite clear what this means. It means we are living in a world in which the nonpacifist Christian's only doctrine of war cannot be applied except in a radically mutilated form. In effect, this places moral theology in the embarrassing position of detailing the ways in which Christians may maim and kill their fellow humans, without permitting it to say—except in rare and extreme cases — whether their inhumanity is justified in any way that transcends national interest.

Since the end of World War II, the question of "permissible means" has been the cutting edge of controversy over Just War doctrine. The discussion has dealt chiefly with two of the traditional limitations imposed on the conduct of war. The first of these is the immunity of noncombatants from direct attack. The second and related limitation is the rule of proportion, which the English Catholic E. I. Watkin puts this way: "The [moral and physical] good probably to be achieved by victory must outweigh even the probable, *a fortiori* the certain evil effects of the war." A third important limitation has, as far as I am aware, gone by the boards: the rule of right intention. Traditionally, this meant that acts of violence in war must be carried out in charitable sorrow, never anger. Most theologians are too psychologically sophisticated to pretend we can cultivate such moral schizophrenia in the expertly trained killers of a modern army.

IN THE discussion of permissible means, Just War theorists immediately divide into two groups. On the one hand, there are those who conclude that, since Hiroshima, limited and humane warfare has become inherently impossible; hence no future war between major powers can ever be just. On the other hand, there are those who maintain that permissible means of warfare are available to us, or at least can be made so.

The first of these groups is well represented by Fr. Francis Stratmann, one of the Church's leading students of war. Fr. Stratmann is convinced that "full-scale war" (by which he means war between major powers) is bound to be "total war." Since total war obliterates the dis-

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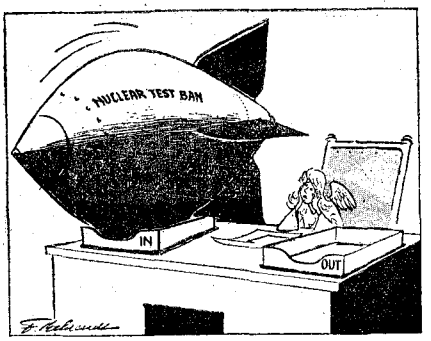
tinction between combatants and noncombatants and destroys the very fabric of the social order, Fr. Stratmann concludes that total war —even if defensive—is unjustifiable.

Fr. Stratmann's position is politically identical with pacifism. It should not, however, be confused with what is called nuclear, or quantitative, pacifism. Nuclear pacifism is the horror of killing lots and lots of people rather than just lots of people. The theoretical status of such a position is quite weak. But Fr. Stratmann's argument can stand without reference to the destructiveness of nuclear weapons. For he is not simply concerned with the *quantity* of people who suffer in modern war. He argues that, since total war "in itself" and not "through circumstances" (that is, as an unintentional side effect), strikes at the innocent, it is impermissible. By these standards, the obliteration bombing of World War II, by the Allies as well as the Germans, would stand condemned as immoral.

IN 1959, a committee of thirty-seven faculty members from Harvard Divinity and other theological schools arrived at Fr. Stratmann's conclusion—as did, in 1961, a symposium of English Catholic intellectuals. In both instances, the plea was that Christians abstain from war altogether. In the event of aggression, nonviolent resistance was recommended and, should that fail, reliance upon the providence of God. "Faith is compelled to take stock of its own reality," wrote Walter Stein, who headed the symposium, "asking itself whether it dares pronounce the promise that the Gates of Hell shall not prevail, while preparing to massacre the innocent in defense of the things of God."

It is a moving declaration of conscience, but in the opinion of Fr. John Courtney Murray, the readiness to turn the discussion of war into a discussion of martyrdom represents "an abdication of the moral reason and a craven submission to some manner of technological or historical determinism." Fr. Murray defines the ground on which most Christian thinkers would seem to stand today: "Since nuclear war may be a necessity, it must be made a



Unfinished Business

possibility"—by which he means, of course, a *moral* possibility.

For some of the clergy, this possibility seems to lie in the policy of deterrence—provided the threat of retaliation is never made good. This is by far the most bewildering position yet advanced with respect to modern war. Still, one gets the impression there are many clergymen who hold it. Thus the World Council, in 1958, sanctioned the possession of high-megaton weapons "for deterrence *only* and only in a discriminating way." The committee of thirty-seven mentioned above has pointed out the obvious contradition in this:

> The political decision to use nuclear weapons . . . is implicit in the fact of having them. If the threat of use, i.e., of massive retaliation, is actually removed, there is no point in the possession of them.

The moral anguish of those who would approve the possession, but not the use of genocidal weaponry is no substitute for rigorous strategic or ethical analysis.

There are theorists who have avoided this "have-but-don't-use" paradox. For them, Fr. Murray's moral possibility emerges conveniently from the existing military establishment.

Fr. John Connery argues that granted a sufficiently important military target,

> which could not be safely eliminated by any less drastic means, nuclear bombing would be morally justified, even if it involved the resultant loss of a large segment of the civilian population. . . . If precision bombing would be very costly to me *both in money* and in the lives of my own men . . . the use of the superbomb would be morally justified. (Italics added.)

Fr. Connery admits "these are awe-inspiring and even terrifying reflections." So they are. And what is most terrifying about them is that they pose almost no resistance at all to the genocidal course of modern military strategy. It is remarkable how Herman Kahn, after systematically excluding all moral considerations from his strategic thought, arrives at the same conclusions as Fr. Connery. But then there are even theologians like Fr. Robert Mohan, who can find a moral sanction for pre-emptive war. The Fathers Connery and Mohan may stand as examples of how far the doctrine of the Just War can be stretched.

But other moralists, perhaps the majority, are not prepared to go the second mile with military necessity. They demand that the Just War resemble something that can reasonably be described as limited war.

To professional strategists, the limitation of war means *technological* limitation. This is ultimately an extension of pure political expediency and has little, if any, moral relevance. The strategists are observing that it just doesn't *pay* to fight wars with uncontrollably destructive weapons.

BUT for Paul Ramsey, limited war means *morally* limited war. What Ramsey proposes is that civilian immunity be resurrected as a viable rule of modern war and be integrated into the heart of our military policy. Ramsey refuses to make the admission before which all barriers to total war go down: that because nuclear weapons *can* be used to massacre civilians, they can therefore be used *only* in this way. He insists that, with sufficient courage and determination, we can, "if need be, by unilateral resolve," wage "counterforce warfare": that is, warfare limited to the enemy's soldiers and weapons, and this even "in the face of brandished missiles with megaton warheads." The goal of such warfare can never be unconditional surrender, nor can reliance upon it permit the continuation of our policy of deterrence:

> The readiness and preparation to kill the "innocent" partakes of the crime of actually doing so. . . . No ethics — least of all Christian ethics — gives [us] leave . . . to kill another man's children directly as a

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means of weakening that man's murderous intent or act.

Ramsey's proposals are bold and courageous, and his argument for them is a closely reasoned piece of moral theology. But there are many soft spots. For one thing, counterforce warfare (which happens to be official Air Force doctrine) necessitates an accelerated and perhaps limitless arms race. This works against the arms control Ramsey also desires, for arms control requires reliance on a second-strike capacity, whose only target can be civilians.

Furthermore, without really impairing our capacity to engage in extensive warfare against an enemy, his proposal would bar us from deterring, by threat of retaliation, the enemy's use of H-bombs against our civilians. Suppose in the midst of war—even a brushfire war—the Soviet Union threatened to begin taking out our cities one by one. Ramsey would then require of us "the courage to defy blackmail." But is this defiance a bluff, or are our civilians to undergo thermonuclear bombardment? If they are, then this surely violates one of the traditional criteria of the Just War: namely, what Pius XII called "the solid probability of success." The only wars Ramsey would leave us free to fight would lead to surrender or national suicide.

BUT THERE is an even touchier theoretical problem in Ramsey's proposal. This is his postulation of civilian immunity as a moral absolute. I believe he is right in saying that here is the fixed limit beyond which, in the discussion of morally limited war, there is no meaningful or reliable boundary. But unhappily, civilian immunity is no more an absolute to the Christian clergy than it is to our society at large. Very few clergymen denounced the terror raids or obliteration bombings of World War II. Even the atomic bombing of Japan met with no official Papal condemnation and far from total Protestant disapproval. So too, the policy of massive retaliation has been only sparsely and ambiguously criticized in the religious community.

There are two lines of argument against civilian immunity. First, one may argue that there are no noncombatants any more. Modern war militarizes the whole of society because the battle front is wholly dependent upon the home front for supplies and weapons. This conclusion was accepted (by way of arguing for the abolition of war) by the Dun Commission of the National Council of Churches in 1950:

> In a conflict between highly industrialized nations [the Commission stated] all human material resources are mobilized for war purposes. The traditional distinction between combatant and noncombatant is far less clear.

But if this argument is true today, it has always been true. Armies have never produced their own food, clothing and weaponry; for these, they have always needed civilian support. During World War II, Fr. John Ford, in a brilliant study, showed that not more than 25 per cent of the civilian population on either side was involved in work even remotely connected to the war effort. Is this sufficient to warrant an open season on the entire population? If it is, then the argument is in no sense limited to modern war; it is an argument against noncombatant status in principle.

The fact is that it was not the industrialization of society that eroded the immunity of noncombatants, for this in no way altered the relationship between soldiers and civilians. One could better argue that it was only when military men like Giulio Douhet and Billy Mitchell saw in air power the ability to massacre civilian populations that the military relevance of modern civilians was suddenly discovered. Noncombatant status vanished as soon as noncombatants became vulnerable.

Paradoxically enough, thermonuclear war has strengthened the argument for civilian immunity while making the issue quite academic. Doubtless the next all-out war will be fought out of stockpiles: civilian industry will never have the opportunity to retool and become part of the war effort.

THE second argument against noncombatant immunity is harder to counter. When President Truman ordered the atomic bomb dropped on Japan, he offered in justification the argument (in point of fact, sound) that he did so "in order to shorten the agony of war, in order to save the lives of thousands and thousands of young Americans."

But what is the justification in principle for equating the lives of civilian Japanese with American soldiers? For this is what Truman did, along with millions of Americans who accepted his decision. Apparently the argument runs like this: the advent of mass conscription has wiped out the distinction between soldier and civilian. Conscript soldiers are not professionals, whose career is one of risk and sacrifice. Rather they are simply civilians in uniform. Therefore, in time of war one chooses between slaughtering two sets of civilians, "theirs" and "ours."

If anything has made modern war total, it has been morally unrestrained military doctrine and mass conscription. Those moralists who want to keep noncombatant immunity as one of the rules of Just Warfare must consider the position a Commander in Chief like Truman is in during wartime. They must offer him an argument he can use to justify before the public the deaths in war of "thousands of young Americans," whose lives might have been saved at the expense of those of enemy civilians.

THERE IS a final and larger unsolved problem I find in these proposals for a morally limited war. It is the problem of "then and now": what must we oppose *now,* in order to guarantee the just prosecution of warfare in the event of hostilities? The limited-warfare theorists are correct—from all but the pacifist point of view—in directing our criticism at the *use* of weapons, rather than at weapons in the abstract. But one can go too far in this direction. For example, one can conceive of large-megaton weapons being used justly, that is as counterforce weapons: the classic example is the use of an H-bomb against an enemy fleet at sea. But are we to permit the stockpiling of these weapons simply because we have laid down rules for their moral use and can imagine them being employed within these rules? As Ramsey admits, "Today there are many weapons of potential

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C. WRIGHT MILLS . . *by Dan Wakefield*

"IF YOU do not specify and confront real issues, what you say will surely obscure them. If you do not alarm anyone morally, you will yourself remain morally asleep. If you do not embody controversy, what you say will be an acceptance of the drift to the coming human hell."

C. Wright Mills, who died a few weeks ago at the age of forty-six, not only wrote those words, but lived by them. A sociologist, social critic, humanist and individualist, he brought his enormous intellect and energy to bear on the great issues of our time, confronting questions that few of his academic colleagues had the capacity or the courage to grapple with. His influence went far beyond the academic circles which his work so often disturbed, for he wrote to be read by a large and intelligent—but not necessarily technical—audience, and he succeeded. In that, as in so many other respects, he was out of step with the time and society he lived in; and was all the more indispensable to it.

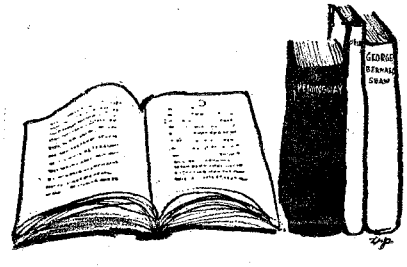
I had the great fortune of knowing Mills personally, first as a student of his at Columbia, then as an assistant on a research project, and since as a friend, and I make no pretense of detachment in commenting on the life and the work of a man I knew to be as great in generosity and kindness as in talent and dedication. Mills was a big man—in size, intellect, appetite and purpose—and he had the rare gift of transmitting his own enthusiasm over everything that came within the scope of his Gargantuan interest (and at one time or other almost everything did, from motorcycles to Mexican history, from home-building, camping and bread-baking to Balzac, Chinese agriculture and the Irish theatre). He had a sense of humor as well as a sense of history, and would laugh at himself as he demanded in mock-gravity, "My God man, you mean you don't bake your own bread?" or, if home construction was the current absorption after work, "You mean to say you'd live in a house you didn't build yourself?" As he worked hard he relaxed hard, and found in mechanics a demanding diversion whose specific solutions provided a happy relief from the far more tangled questions he was trying to answer in his real work. Once, when a visiting intellectual, harried by Mills's attacks on his position from every angle, finally asked in exasperation, "What do you believe in?" Mills snapped back "German motors."

OF course, he believed in and built much larger and more complicated things than houses and motors. By the age of forty he had completed, in addition to a staggering number of other projects (from directing a study of the health needs of U.A.W. members to translating and editing, with his friend Hans Gerth, a comprehensive volume of the work of Max Weber), the last of three volumes which constitute a major study of American society: *The New Men of Power* (labor), *White Collar* (the middle class) and *The Power Elite* (the upper class of decision-makers). These books were sociology in the classic sense of "the study of society" rather than the new, compressed and jargon-ridden styles of the profession which Mills so brilliantly analyzed and dismissed in *The Sociological Imagination*. Mills believed in approaching a subject by what he called "Taking it big"; and he could not understand the time and energy devoted to proving points that were not only minor, but also obvious.

"As a writer," Mills once explained, "I have always tried, although in different ways, to do just one thing: to define and dramatize the essential characteristics of our time," and his work up to and including *The Power Elite* could be included within that aim.

But in the last few years, Mills was doing something further, in short books that he did not present as sociology but which nevertheless were attacked for not being sociology. He thought of these books, *The Causes of World War Three* and *Listen, Yankee*, as a high order of "pamphleteering" which frankly included exhortation as well as analysis. In these last years, it was as if Mills felt that there wasn't enough time—for society, and perhaps he knew also, for himself—to afford the luxury of lengthy investigation and leisurely study. He felt that as a human being, who was also a sociologist, his duty was to persuade as well as to define; to grab the complacent citizen by the collar and shout "Listen, Yankee!" before it was too late. These books were frankly angry, with an anger that Mills understood the times called for; as he wrote in *The Causes of World War Three*, ". . . Today compassion without bitterness and terror is mere girlish sentiment and not worthy of a full-grown man."

I VISITED him once just before he went to Cuba in 1960 and he was working sixteen hours a day. A few months after he returned—with more of the same schedule—he had his first heart attack. He had been working for some time under the strain of personal tragedies that would have disabled most men, and under public and professional pressures which would have silenced most men. But he worked on until the collapse and returned to work afterwards (completing a book called *The Marxians*, to be published this spring); and even when he was flat on his back in bed, he was talking of current and future plans, including a book that would be a "dialogue" with an imagined Russian intellectual, a book on "The World Intellectual Apparatus" (it had begun as a book on American intellectuals and grown to world, or Mills, size) and, most Millsian of all, a many-volumed "World Sociology." He was capable of doing it all, and more, but not capable of doing the thing that might have enabled him to last and do it: to rest. But in the forty-six years that he didn't rest at all, he gave us a lot. If the society survives the "cheerful robots" and "crackpot realists" that he warned us about, there will also survive a large, solid and exciting body of work marked Mills.



DAN WAKEFIELD, a Nation *contributor, is the author of* Island in the City *and* Revolt in the South.

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mass obliteration that have escaped the limits of counterforce warfare." Granted that it is illogical on theoretical grounds, is it so very wrong on political grounds to call *now* for the banning of weapons with which we feel we cannot trust the military in time of war? Or are we, like Pilate, to wash our hands of the consequences, once we have satisfied ourselves that, at least in theory, a twenty-megaton bomb can be used justly? Will the responsibility for its all-too-probable misuse be off our consciences that easily?

Too few clergymen realize that the only way to make modern war just is to instill its justice right into our *present* military establishment, with full allowance beforehand for the abuses of power, miscalculations and excesses of anger war evokes. This must be done *now* and it must be done *in detail*. For once the next war starts, its conduct will be under control of a very few political and military leaders, if it will be under anybody's control at all.

IN 1958, the World Council advised Christians never to participate in "all-out war," to "urge a cease fire, if necessary on the enemy's terms," if all-out war should occur. But then it went on to state that it "refrains from defining the stage at which all-out war may be reached." Similarly, Reinhold Niebuhr has taken the position that "while the avoidance of excessive and indiscriminate violence, and of such destruction as would undermine the basis for future peace, remain moral imperatives in a just war, it does not seem possible to draw a line in advance, beyond which it would be better to yield than to resist."

But if these lines are not drawn in advance of war, will they ever be drawn at all? Can we expect them to be drawn by the Strategic Air Command while it is under fire, or by the IBM computers to whose memory-tapes SAC's mission may one day be entrusted?

Moralists too often tend to keep their analyses of war at a very general level. It is easy enough to do this and to plead incompetence on the technicalities of modern war, leaving it up to the experts to fill in the "details." But the "details" are the life-and-death implications of general principles. They are exactly what matter most; they are exactly what must be analyzed and illuminated by moral theology. And the plea of incompetence will not do. Fr. John Ford's critique of area bombing during World War II and Paul Ramsey's recent analysis of deterrence show how much a moralist can contribute if he will only bother to inform himself on technicalities. Similarly, the medical expertise which Catholic moralists have managed to bring to the problem of abortion suggests that what is lacking in the clergy's discussion of modern war is not so much competence as the will to achieve that competence.

One is almost tempted to say that if moral theologians wish to plead incompetence on "details," they would do better to keep silent on the general principles as well. For they may be doing more harm than good in issuing vague, incomplete, ambiguous statements which can be twisted to suit all occasions. To give one's approval to "deterrence only," to speak vaguely of "limited war," to offer abstract justifications for using superbombs "if it is absolutely necessary," to sanction pre-emptive war —to do these things without being thoroughly versed in the problems of modern warfare may be worse than saying nothing at all.

Moscow vs. Peking: Reasons for the Rift

Alexandre Metaxas

NEARLY TWO years ago in these columns ["China versus Russia," *The Nation*, July 2, 1960] I dealt with Sino-Russian relations throughout the world and in the underdeveloped countries. Since that time, these relations have become more complex and more strained. The young alliance between Peking and Moscow has been rapidly transforming itself first into competition, then into rivalry. The two capitals have directly opposed attitudes toward the underdeveloped countries and the problems of coexistence with the West. At the basis of this ideologic, economic and diplomatic split, lie certain historical facts.

The Russian Revolution dates back to 1917, the Chinese to 1949. During the time which has elapsed, the Russians have known Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Malenkov, Bulganin and Khrushchev. The Soviet people have endured war against the "kulaks," the big purges and World War II. Grandparents have sacrificed themselves for the parents of those who, today, tired of interminable Tantalic torture, want at long last to "live their own life." The revolution is dead and buried; Soviet ideology is in its decline, drying up with age. Today's generation of Russians, realistic and materialist, is concerned above all with a rapid improvement in its standard of living. Its visions consist not of the realization of wonderful Socialist dreams, but of consumer goods in great quantity, of homes, of trips across the world. Twenty years hence, the Russians will be conservatives, perhaps even businessmen. The proletariat has become an elite within the party and state. New and powerful "classes" have been born that seek out the privileges made available by the Kremlin. And Khrushchev himself is their spokesman.

Officially, Russia is a socialistic country where Marxism-Leninism is taught. But nobody there is ready to sacrifice his life, his earnings, his family, for the communization of the earth. Marxism is the state religion:

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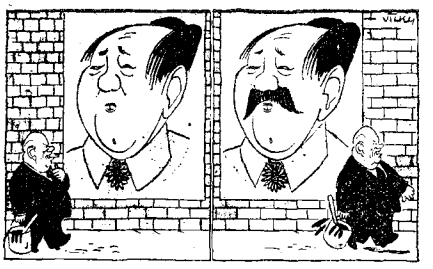
but, like all state religions, it has mummified, it has become a ritual, a habit: the teaching remains, the Faith is dead. A lot of Russians believe that the world can follow many courses, each country practicing the system it finds most suitable: America its capitalism, Sweden its socialism, England its welfare state, Russia its state capitalism.

BUT CHINA with its radical system and claims, its "communes" and austerity programs, inconveniences Moscow. Demanding as they do violent communization of the planet, the Kremlin considers the Chinese as zealous extremists who are likely to ruin not only their own socio-economic system, but that of the Soviets as well. In the eyes of the Kremlin, Mao is an adventurer, like Trotsky, who still believes in a world revolution. Khrushchev prefers the convenient and prudent tactics of evolution. The Soviet leader tried to convince Mao to take this path, but the Chinese Premier knows too well that evolution means death to Marxism and the installation — at least in Russia — of a hybrid system of state capitalism and a masked liberalism to which, since the end of the war, 220 million Russians have succumbed in practicing their famous "gray market."

The leaders of the Kremlin are seeking to secure for Russia an eminent and durable position throughout the world by means of economic aggrandizement. The choice of methods is of no importance to them: all means, including those of the capitalists, are acceptable. Moscow has set forth to conquer world markets without bothering about the moral principles of Marxism; it has launched itself into economic competition in capitalist style. On all five continents, the Kremlin is using its satellites and the neutralists, as well as its partisans, for the primary purposes of enriching Russia and the Russians; to secure, for the Russian people, the abundance which thirty years of sterile Stalinism could not attain. Mikoyan took the reins of the big economic offensive and transformed Soviet diplomats and mission leaders into merchants. By using all means—flattery or threats, whatever the situation calls for — the Russians are pursuing their trade goals relentlessly. And this brings them into competition not only with the West, but also with their Chinese "allies."

Peking concentrates less on business and more on the creation of ideological bases from which it can, in the time to come, communize the world. Because the Chinese have practically no consumer goods or raw materials to offer the underdeveloped areas (indeed, they must cope with terrible shortages in their own country), they must use instead the subtleties of diplomacy and their ingenious politeness, both



refined by a civilization 5,000 years old, to subjugate the poorer countries of the world. Above all, the Chinese are set on wooing the masses, whereas the Russians have finally adopted the American system of direct communication with political or economic leaders. While the Russians make business, the Chinese make proselytes. Realistically, the Russians have renounced the goal of converting humanity to their system. Their only remaining political "clients" are the Western Communists — who are slowly but surely disappearing.

The Chinese achieved their revolution with the support of the peasant masses. Today, the Chinese peasants are not happy, but the Cuban, Brazilian, African and Asiatic peasants dream of the "thousand wonders" of the Chinese system, which appears to them — as seen from a long distance — more accessible, more comprehensible, than the Soviet system. Playing this ideological card, the Chinese, much cleverer than the Soviet bureaucrats, offer reasons for hope and practical advice to the disinherited masses of the world. And in doing so, and while attacking "monopolist and exploiting capitalism," the Chinese create endless embarrassment to the Soviets. In fact, firmly opposing Khrushchev's principle of peaceful coexistence, they hope to raise one-third of the world's masses against Soviet influence.

AT EVERY turn, the clashes between Russians and Chinese multiply throughout the world. The Big Two of the Communist camp officially remain "allies," but, in effect, they are turning into fiercely irreconcilable adversaries, for reasons of ideology, economy and foreign policy. One is reminded of the post-1917 clash between the Leninists and the European Social Democrats — the "social traitors."

Khrushchev is a nationalist. That is why he must act like the leader of an imperialist state, boldly sacrificing dogmatism for political and economic realities. Mao Tse-tung, who now considers himself the "Pope" of world communism, can permit himself the luxury of playing the role of the Big Brother, sole protector of "the damned of the earth." When Castro of Cuba, Sekou Touré of Guinea, Nasser of Egypt, Kassem of Iraq, feel abandoned or wronged by Khrushchev, they turn spontaneously to Mao the Chinese. Castro, after the twenty-second Congress and the attacks against tiny Albania, after the Russian soundings of Kennedy looking toward a Russian-American agreement, believed himself abandoned and turned to Peking; Khrushchev had made it clear to him that Cuba's strategic position was not of decisive importance to Russia, whose missiles could reach Miami and Canaveral from Soviet bases in Europe. Similarly, Sekou Touré called upon Mao for comfort after having swallowed the insults and demands of the Russian missions in Guinea. Nasser and Kassem, every time their honeymoon with Moscow threatens to break down, seek solace in the friendly atmosphere of Peking.

Red China's apparent sincerity wins for Mao, in many underdeveloped countries, an influence often greater than that which the Russians have painfully built up by sinking millions of rubles into bottomless

(*Continued on page 340*)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Those Russian Shelters

CIVIL DEFENSE IN THE SOVIET UNION. By Leon Gouré. University of California Press. 207 pp. $4.95. Paper $2.45.

Carl Dreher

LEON GOURE is a Russian-born scholar who for the past three years has been studying Soviet civil defense for the RAND Corporation. Last summer he was shown on TV at a Congressional committee hearing chaired by Representative Chet Holifield. It seemed to me then that he lent himself to a prefabricated committee design to stimulate and enlarge the civil defense program in the United States, particularly shelter construction. I had previously read some of his papers on Soviet activities in civil defense. There certainly was in existence a Soviet training program, but topflight *New York Times* correspondents like Harrison Salisbury and Osgood Caruthers could find no trace of shelters, either in Moscow or in the hinterland.

Now, having read his book, I remain of the same mind as regards all civil defense programs, Soviet and American alike. The more effective they are, the more surely they will blow us all to perdition. But, on the shelter question, Gouré was right and the *Times* was at least partly wrong. Gouré has demonstrated the existence of a substantial system of urban shelters in the Soviet Union. As he points out, the system is obsolete in some respects and grossly inadequate by the measure of what will be thrown against it in the event of war. Nevertheless, for what it is worth, it exists.

Within the last few weeks, confirmation has come from Poland in the form of a story by Arthur J. Olsen in *The New York Times* (March 19). The chief of the Polish Army's Anti-Aircraft Defense Command, Col. Aleksander Cesarski, disclosed that a "significant number" of atomic shelters had been built in Poland in the last seven years. If Poland has been building shelters, it stands to reason that the Soviet Union has been building them too. This conclusion is supported in a story by Seymour Topping in the *Times* (March 23). Western observers in Moscow, Topping writes, "have found what they believe to be evidence of an extensive system of bomb shelters in Soviet cities." The shelters that have been observed appear to have been constructed "years ago" for protection against uranium fission bombs; against thermonuclear bombs they would avail for the most part only as fallout shelters. Topping does not know whether the Soviet Union is currently pressing a program of new shelter construction.

GOURE estimates that between 50 million and 100 million Soviet citizens have attended courses in civil defense against bacteriological, chemical, and radiological, as well as nuclear, weapons and in a crisis "could be expected to act in accordance with civil defense instructions." Perhaps. No one knows what people will do under modern nuclear attack, which will be of the order of a thousand times as severe as anything that was experienced at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Some of the Soviet assumptions sound like pure eyewash. For instance, MPVO ("Local Anti-Air Defense") units of collective and state farms located near large industrial and administrative centers include formations entrusted with the mission of coming to the aid of these centers after a nuclear attack. I am willing to believe that the Russians are more cohesively organized than we are, but I doubt that any great wave of Samaritanism will surge toward the centers in such a situation. The Soviet administrators seem to have all they can do to persuade the peasants to feed the cities even in peacetime.

Frank B. Ellis, our director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, declares on the basis of a "secret report" that the Soviets are spending from $500 million to $1.5 billion a year on civil defense. Gouré accepts this estimate, with its three-to-one spread, but there is some doubt that even at the lower limit the Soviet spenders are getting their money's worth. Our civil defense effort is one in which apathy, bordering on coma, is punctuated by periodic twitchings and spasms; Soviet civil defense, in contrast, is a steady effort, an adaptation and extension of World War II air defense. But, despite this advantage, it is likewise plagued by apathy. "The program," Gouré finds, "has . . . acquired a routine character and the majority of the population appear to accept it as a matter of course." This jibes with Topping's observation that "among Muscovites, there is no apparent discussion of or interest in shelter construction." Some of Gouré's citations indicate a certain amount of resistance, defeatism and boredom. *Sovietski patriot* (December 23, 1959 and April 6, 1960) reports with sorrow that instructors often meet with such attitudes as, "Why is all this necessary? When the atom bomb goes off, nothing can help." And that was before Khrushchev began saving the fatherland with 100-megaton devices, which will surely be equaled and exceeded by the American saviors.

On the positive side, Gouré shows that Soviet efforts to restrict the growth of large cities and reduce urban population density provide a bonus in somewhat lessened over-all vulnerability. The Soviets are trying to locate new factories, research and teaching institutes and colleges in small and medium-sized towns, and often in newly established communities. The same policy is being followed by private enterprise and personal initiative in the United States, but simultaneously congestion is being boosted to new peaks in booming urban areas. A single nuclear bomb impacting near the Pan American Building now being superimposed on Grand Central Terminal in New York City, amid the massif of surrounding skyscrapers, would yield the richest harvest in casualties of any place on earth. If the Russians had drawn the plans, they could not have done it better.

MOST of the Russian shelters are in the basements of apartment houses and efficacy varies from near-zero (collapse of the building under a few pounds of overpressure and subsequent collapse of the shelter) to substantial protection if the hit is not too close and the bomb not too large. In new construction a measure of protection has also been provided by wide boulevards, areas of greenery and limited building heights (less likelihood of debris blocking the boulevards). By thermonuclear standards, these are palliative measures at best. Elaborate shelters, designed to protect against blast, heat, light-flash, direct and windborne radiation and suitable for long occupancy, appear to be intended for "select government, Party, mil-

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itary and civil defense personnel." This neo-Darwinian version of survival of the fittest may also become American practice if the citizens remain as complaisant in this matter as they have proved in every other phase of "defense." Probably the finest shelter in the United States, aside from the President's, is the regional HQ that the Office of Civil Defense Mobilization located at Denton, Texas for 500 of its own functionaries at a cost of $2.5 million. Denton was to have been the prototype for similarly well-appointed fortresses for OCDM's other seven regional headquarters. God helps those who help themselves.

GOD will not help the common people of the Soviet Union, where construction of emergency suburban and rural shelters is to begin only when the sirens sound the warning signal indicating an "emergency situation." Their accommodations will be sub-Spartan — nothing at all like the sumptuous quarters that were pictured in U.S. shelter advertising during the boom which died away so quickly. Gouré shows a trench 23 meters long, designed to shelter forty persons. Half the Russian people still live on farms, which leaves 100 million Russians to be sheltered in this fashion. The total length required will be of the order of 57,000 kilometers. If the trench is 1.5 meters wide and 2 meters deep, the total excavation will be 172 million cubic meters. This job is to be done mainly with pick and shovel, some of it by inexperienced labor, and the trench is to be roofed and covered with a meter of earth, doors are to be provided, etc.— all perhaps in a day or less. A great deal of the trench mileage will take in water and much of it will collapse without shoring. Besides this, in the countryside valuable cattle are to be protected against fallout, heat and, to some extent, blast. Everywhere the citizens are advised to prepare food packages for "several days" and to take these into the shelter, together with a supply of potable water. They are also to protect against contamination food supplies they leave behind — a large order in itself, since it may be weeks or even months before it will be safe to leave the shelter. Either the Soviet bureaucrats are merely going though the motions of preparing for an emergency they are confident will never come, or they have even less sense than some of our OCDM officials displayed before they were relieved of duty by Presidential order.

The Soviet civil defense program, then, represents a serious effort, but it adds up to a strategic-warning, slow-response, limited-duration system, with a goodly admixture of technological folly. The shelters, where they are available, are almost entirely improvised out of existing space, incapable of resisting blast, and unsuited for long occupancy. Some Soviet military writers have pointed out that a surprise attack might give the Soviet Union no more than a fifteen-minute warning and Gouré believes it likely that these writers realize that a sudden, massive attack could devastate the country to such an extent that the regime would almost certainly topple.

They know it, but there is little they can do about it. They cannot afford to allocate resources to the civil defense program on a scale which might cope with a major nuclear assault. Since it is impracticable to prepare for the worst — and most probable — war situation, they have tailored the war situation to the preparations that are practicable.

When, chronically and irremediably, needs exceed facilities, an appropriate amount of wishful thinking and bureaucratic idiocy fills the gap. Gouré tells about one civil defense pamphlet which was criticized because it described fire storms. "This version," the critic pontificated, "does not correspond to reality. It was invented by the imperialists for the purpose of frightening and scaring the people, and it is not necessary to refer to it in our civil defense literature." The truth is, of course, that any large fire creates its own draft and becomes a meteorological phenomenon. It happened in San Francisco in 1906 after the earthquake, and in Hamburg, Dresden and Tokyo in World War II. The occurrence of fire storms on an unprecedented scale is a certainty in a thermonuclear war and the larger the bombs, the more widespread and uncontrollable the fire storms will be. This is an unpleasant fact which the let's-adjust-to-it optimists on neither side are willing to face. In the United States, the only people who have stressed the fire-storm peril are the opponents of shelter construction.

GOURE visited nine Soviet cities last summer but *Civil Defense in the Soviet Union* is based almost entirely on his earlier study of the Soviet literature and other published materials. An investigation posited so largely on published data involves a certain amount of conjecture. Gouré cites a statement by Mikoyan in Cleveland on January 7, 1959: "Our scientists are trying to find out the means of building shelters . . . but when one has knowledge of what the bomb really is, one thinks that all these shelters are merely a matter of consolation until the bomb has exploded, because there is no defense against the bomb." This passage was deleted from the report of the speech in *Pravda*, as was a similar statement by Mme. Khrushchev in 1961. To Gouré this looks like "part of a deliberate Soviet attempt to reinforce the impression abroad that the USSR is still without shelters and has no serious intention of embarking on a shelter program," and "primarily part of the general emphasis on the destructiveness of a thermonuclear war in the propagandistic attempt to deter the United States from resorting to war in defense of its interests." Since the publication of *Civil Defense in the Soviet Union*, a leading Soviet architect, Aleksander F. Sharov, has decried shelters as a "chimera"; I do not know whether his remarks appeared in the Soviet press or not. More importantly, however, Marshal Rodion Y. Malinovsky, the Soviet Defense Minister, referred to shelters on January 24 of this year as "nothing but a previously prepared tomb or grave," and, according to Seymour Topping, the interview which included this statement was published in Moscow.

It may be that the Soviet military and political leaders, like our own, do not always see eye to eye on the question of investing in passive defense rather than spending an equivalent sum on weapons, and that they are muddling along even as we are. Their program may be a compromise such as the one toward which we are moving, i.e., one large enough to quiet those who believe in civil defense, but not expensive enough to constitute a serious drain on the active de-

On Point

ruth died a while ago
tonight
her small daughter (a degas girl)
left in the huge livingroom
will have to assume some green
into her blue eyes
she had her fathers eyes in memoriam
ruth died
next to the television set
her grassgreen eyes delicately done
by the open mouth and the
odd brightred news
bubbling across the aubusson carpet
ruth is dead
in the westend avenue apartment
the cocoa they drank turns ashen
the small dancer pauses
and turns orphan
learning other steps
while the van houten cocoa cools

Carol Bergé

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terrent force. Gouré calls attention to the "relatively optimistic [Soviet] assessment of the severity of a likely enemy attack," to the "obsolete features" of Soviet civil defense, the insufficiency of shelters in urban areas and their almost complete absence in rural areas, the limitations to prolonged occupancy, accusations in the Soviet press of inefficiency, apathy and mismanagement on the part of local officials and other defects and deficiencies. At the same time, he finds "indications of continuous efforts to correct the shortcomings and adjust the program to new threats." All this would fit the theory of internal conflict — natural enough when a government tries to solve a problem of colossal magnitude with insufficient resources.

IN THE U.S. as in the USSR, I suppose a shelter program of sorts is politically inevitable. An inadequate program like the one in the USSR, or the one projected by the Kennedy Administration, is money wasted, but it does not materially increase the danger of nuclear war; its futility is too obvious. In proportion as a shelter program becomes more effective, it is a potential shield for a first strike and does increase the danger. A fully adequate program, if such a thing is conceivable, would require the nation to go permanently underground and would have to include, with equally doubtful practicality, a whole-population life support system. The cost would run into the hundreds of billions or even into the trillions (of dollars) and the likely result would be the extinction of the human species. As Prof. Freeman J. Dyson showed in the March *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, under these conditions a nuclear war between the superpowers would continue until both sides had exhausted their weapons. The amount of radiation thus released would be sufficient to exterminate the populations of all the nonbelligerents; the populations of the belligerents would perish in their turn if they ever came out of their crypts or if they could not obtain food free of lethal contamination.

Because Americans have become generally convinced of the futility of shelters, interest in them has waned. Far from remaining an adjunct of the peace movement, opposition to shelters is now shared by those who would a thousand times rather be dead than Red. General Curtis LeMay has long been an opponent of shelters; he puts all his trust in bombers and missiles. Richard Starnes, the Scripps-Howard columnist, recently wrote: "We went through a shameful shelter-building panic, and I'm as sure we are through it as I am that it was shameful." Hanson Baldwin, in "The Case Against Fallout Shelters" (*Saturday Evening Post*, March 31), quoted with approval the arguments of Dexter Masters, Dr. James Van Allen, Dr. J. David Singer and other long-time opponents.

Gouré refrains from telling us what we should or should not do. Of course political and commercial opportunists will try to use his findings for their own ends. Ignoring his careful qualifications, they will concentrate on the simple theorem that whatever the Russians do, we must do, and on a bigger scale. But I suspect that the American people are so disillusioned with the shelter idea that this misuse of Gouré's book will do little harm.

A Style for the White House

Maurice Grosser

THE WHITE HOUSE, which I visited recently in order to view its redecoration, turns out to be much larger than one would imagine from the photographs. The spacious central section, rebuilt under Monroe after the fire of 1814, is rendered even more impressive by the two wings of offices added by Theodore Roosevelt; while the tall north and south porticos, built in the 1820s in the Classical Revival style, confer on the whole the unmistakable air of a palace. Precisely this palatial dignity is what Mrs. Kennedy's new decoration for the public rooms has been designed to underline. She has been carrying it out with remarkable success.

This is far from being the first time the White House has been redecorated. It has usually been done in one of the advanced styles of the period—in the modern, so to speak, of the day. Thus, President Monroe refurbished the reconstructed mansion with the latest thing in Empire furniture and gilt bronze ornaments and vermeil flat wear. It all came from Paris—not from England or from here. To buy from the British who had just burned the city would have been inconceivable; and American workmanship was not that good or up-to-date. Empire, on the other hand, was the modern idiom of Monroe's day, more advanced even than the Greek Revival style which his friend and neighbor Jefferson had helped to invent.

President and Mrs. Lincoln did the place over in the latest Victorian. Under McKinley, the prevailing style was Eastlake-Victorian, relieved by pieces of Art Nouveau. Theodore Roosevelt hung the walls of the dining room with mounted animal heads—a royal hunting-lodge fashion much in favor in his time. And the Steinway grand piano, designed apparently by Franklin D. Roosevelt himself, still stands in the great east ballroom, an epitome of the corniceless, streamlined style of the twenties; it has a frieze of gold-leaf figures in the manner of Rockwell Kent and, for legs, three massive wing-furled eagles like plump and somnolent owls. Under Truman, the whole interior was rebuilt (it had become structurally unsafe) and redone in the style of a refined and luxurious Middle Western country club; and through Eisenhower that is what essentially it remained.

TO confer formality and dignity on this often-revised interior was Mrs. Kennedy's admirable intention. For that purpose, the present-day decorative style, however right it may be for a United Nations building and however frequently its preceding forms have been adopted by White House residents, would not do at all. Our nation has now been in existence much too long; one would as soon think of redoing the Houses of Parliament in glass and stainless steel. Today's modern is too much lacking in reverence and implications. One remembers in this connection the Byzantine sculptors who, when carving a particularly precious piece of ivory, would sometimes emphasize its excellence by working, not in their own contemporary style, but in the more imposing idiom of pre-Christian Greece. To define a palace in this time and this country, the decorator must undertake the same sort of stylistic retrogression, must find a style with richer historical associations than today's modern could supply. Let us, for convenience, call it First Settler Legacy.

This is a purely American or Colonial, not a European style, and its character differs from one section of the country to another. It has as stylistic basis the type of furnishings used in a particular region by the first prosperous settlers. In Boston it is English eighteenth century; in New York its less pretentious form is the Dutch farmhouse, its grander forms, after our City Hall, is late eighteenth-century French. In the deep South it is Victorian (although Atlanta uses late eighteenth- and early nine-

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teenth-century English because it believes that *Gone with the Wind* is factually true). Southern California inclines to Spanish Mission, though San Francisco is principally General Grant; Denver is Edwardian and Art Nouveau. All this is proper and understandable. These are the heirlooms, the kind of furniture one's ancestors in these places might have possessed. I must nevertheless insist that, though First Settler Legacy makes use of antique pieces, it is none the less a strictly contemporary style, based on contemporary ideas, fashions and materials. It aims to present a historical background for contemporary living rather than to give any accurate presentation of the past. In fact, it has very little to do with what the past was actually like.

The appropriate First Settler Legacy style for White House decoration is obviously the American version of Directoire-Empire known as Federal. It is the style of the early part of the nineteenth century when our national expansion first began and when, under Monroe, the first furniture for the reconstructed White House was acquired. Unfortunately, when Mrs. Kennedy took charge, very few of the historic pieces remained, in fact almost nothing dating from earlier than 1902. Heretofore, White House furniture has always been considered more or less the personal property of the Presidents who, as likely as not, would move out at the end of their terms with whatever they fancied. One of Mrs. Kennedy's first accomplishments has been to see that this was changed. A law recently passed declares that the White House furnishings are a permanent collection, to be administered by the Smithsonian Institution and exhibited or stored there when not in use. France possesses a similar arrangement in its Gardemeuble National, a warehouse for all the art and furniture belonging to the French Government; its business, among other things, is to provide French embassies and consulates with fine furniture, tapestries and paintings.

THE acquisition of historic pieces for the White House has been entrusted to a fine-arts committee composed of curators and directors of the principal American museums. But the selection of the initial material and the discrimination with which it is arranged can be attributed to Mrs. Kennedy herself. Particularly successful is the large oval diplomats' reception room with its wonderful scenic wallpaper printed in Alsace, and the red sitting room with its Empire furniture, gilt bronzes and tiers of pictures in bright gold frames. The effect is handsome, distinguished and surprisingly opulent, considering that American Federal is not the most sumptuous of decorative styles. Louis XVI, English Palladian, even certain aspects of Victorian offer far greater opportunities for grandeur and display. Mrs. Kennedy has had as well to face the difficulty that good American pieces of the period are hard to come by. Federal America was still a provincial country, and with few exceptions, workmanship here was far inferior to that abroad. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that most of the fine pieces in the White House come from France.

OF THE pictures hung in the White House, unfortunately little can be said. Only three of those now on exhibit hold anything more than an antiquarian or historical interest. One is a fine romantic portrait of President Tyler by the Paris-trained Bostonian George P. A. Healey, dated 1858. The others are a picture of Angelica Van Buren by Henry Inman, and a full-length Washington, a gift from Equador, painted by Luis Cardena of whom nothing seems to be known. The large standing Washington, supposedly by Gilbert Stuart, is crudely executed and vastly inferior to other works by Stuart in the National Gallery. And the two Cézannes, gifts of the late Charles Loeser, both fine enough but very green, are shown to poor advantage against the green brocade on which they hang, and their *repoussé* gold-leaf frames, smacking of 1912, are out of place in the Federal setting. Finally, none of the early nineteenth-century American landscapes will bear comparison with the Coles and Kensetts and Bierstadts to be found elsewhere in Washington.

The paintings, however, are a minor and, in the present setup, a temporary flaw. What has been accomplished in so little time is very impressive, and the work is by no means yet done. Under Mrs. Kennedy, the White House begins to have the air of being, not so much the residence, as the palace of our Presidents.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

WHEN values disappear, only "value" remains. Three musicals this season—and one last season—have had to do more or less directly with money. And though, of course, the moral usually turns out to be that money isn't everything (perhaps, to quote Jimmy Durante, they are only referring to confederate money) the fixation is evident. D. H. Lawrence said it: a novel (or a play) consists of a tale and a moral; one should pay attention to the tale and disregard the moral. Plays about money, Louis Jouvet once advised, rarely succeed at the box office. But then Jouvet didn't know Broadway. He could not have foreseen the overlay of molasses which can be smeared on the subject.

Richard Rodgers' *No Strings* with a book by Samuel Taylor (54th Street

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Theatre) concerns a "Europe bum," a once promising American writer who, seduced by *la dolce vita* of the Paris-Rome-Madrid luxury axis, has begun to deteriorate as an "artist." He meets a beautiful fashion model in Paris who has fled poverty and second-class citizenship in the States—she is colored—and has become the toast of *la haute couture* and "fancy society" generally.

The two escapees fall in love, have an affair and finally part, she to remain abroad where life is easiest for her—and he, persuaded by her willingness to sacrifice love on his behalf, to return to where he comes from so that he may once more gather strength from the roots of his inspiration.

There is something real in this story. I know the "Europe bums," but their case is more complex than can be tailored in a musical. I liked the fact that the affair between the lovers of two "races" (or colors) is taken as a matter of course; it is socially fraudulent, but healthy in terms of our stage. The story, however, did not reach me even in the sentimental sense that a musical like *Show Boat* does. I regarded it simply as an occasion for certain effects.

Some of them are attractive. The use of woodwinds and brass on the set rather than in the orchestra pit, the absence of one of those wretchedly clangorous overtures—these are pleasant novelties. (No strings are used except for the suspicion of a harp played off-stage.) The clever (though elaborate) functionalism of David Hays's sets, an adaptation of ideas borrowed from Jean Vilar and Brecht, also lends a fillip to the proceedings. The atmosphere created is not that of Paris—but it does convey the expensively fashionable mechanics of *Vogue* publicity and continental dress-house collections with their mixture of bald commerce and aromatic glamour.

There is one melody—the theme song —called "The Sweetest Sounds"—which lingers. Diahann Carroll is lovely to look at, acts not at all badly, and sings with natural ease and sympathetic timbre when she sings songs of sentiment. When she is required to belt out night-club hot rhythm her quality is denatured because this mode (supposedly mandatory for a colored *chanteuse*) does not suit either Miss Carroll's or Mr. Rodgers' talent.

There are two or three very good-looking girls among the dancers but many of the costumes they wear are unfair to their figures—in some cases they are downright ugly. In brief, *No Strings* is a display of cash, skill, modern decoration, adumbrations of talent and meaning without entrails. Perhaps the show is more representative of our musical stage at present than I have thus far suggested.

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE, a "musical play" by Jerome Weidman (based on his novel of the thirties) with music and lyrics by Harold Rome (Shubert Theatre), is curiously uneven: at times one is tempted to go along with it; at others, one wants to retch.

I do not know the novel, but from the evidence of its dramatization it must have exhibited a certain amount of hard-boiled realism in its picture of the petty scoundrels and shabby heartbreak of the ladies' garment industry on New York's Seventh Avenue. Some of this remains in the play, and we have learned from musicals like *Pal Joey, Guys and Dolls* and to a lesser extent *How to Succeed in Business* etc., that cynicism, skulduggery and financial low life mixed with Broadway high jinks can make a tasty confection despite the sour center. But the recipe does not go down as well in this case, partly because its central character is distinctly repellent (though Elliott Gould plays him passably and dances even better), but also because a cloying sweetness has been added in an effort to redeem the ambient villainy. Oh those good-hearted, decent, loving, simple Jewish folk who are injected into shows with unpleasant protagonists to minimize the threat of the Goebbels-Streicher shadow — how they sicken us!

Theatrically, the most original feature of *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* is the musical staging by Herbert Ross, whose choreography is asymmetric, informal and woven into the fabric of the play as dramatic action.

The outstanding performance is that of Barbara Streisand, who looks like an innocent Modigliani model. Her Miss Marmelstein — a screaming, hysterical, efficient, harassed, nervously giggling secretary—is a delightful comic miniature. Harold Lang dances with stunning expertness, Lillian Roth has gentle eyes and an appealing manner, and since I have a perhaps reprehensible taste for flashy voluptuosity (sexiness to you), I enjoy the presence of Sheree North.

Merit badges should also be extended to Ken Le Roy and Bambi Linn, to Arthur Laurents, the director, who must have aided with portions of the script and kept the performances honestly to the point. As for Harold Rome's score, it borrows shamelessly but effectively from Rumshinsky (Second Avenue Theatre sources).

The Dead Queen's Hair

Through a whole living room and half across
a back yard one strand of spiderweb caught sun
as trees dropped away under, stretched taut between
two spruce branches; whether more or less
than miracle I can't say, that burning point-wide line:
star-like it was all light, and bodyless.

Straight as seam or sea horizon, faultlessly it
gathered to it and split everything
or, as if comprehending the whole morning,
bounded it mathematically. I tell you I sat
watching sick as any the banjo-tight
blond hemp stiff and quivering from trap just sprung

so long as that angle of eye and sun hung fire;
quenched, it crumbled like the dead queen's hair.

Tim Reynolds

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

BECAUSE MOST architectural drawing has the purpose of exploring possibilities, it is by no means pure art: it is a testing of ideas, not revelation. But even when an architect draws and colors a careful, realistic perspective of a building to show to a client, the drawing, if it is a good one, will imply as much as it actually designates. It will have a mood.

And sometimes architectural drawings have so much of this, so strong a sense of excitement, that they radiate vitality. This is certainly true of most of the early Frank Lloyd Wright drawings now on display on the main floor of the Museum of Modern Art. Staring at his drawings of the middle 1890s through the 1930s, you feel yourself at his elbow as he presumes, supposes and convinces himelf about structure and space. These drawings have that compelling quality of discovery; the man was a prophet.

He plays with corner windows on the

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The Lonely Bathers

white figures on the lawn
white ghosts
walking the stone steps
to the ocean
submerging

themselves in the water
under white clouds
the blue stones

Jerome Rothenberg

early houses, adjusts overhangs, feels for the horizontal line, makes the balance of the strength of the timber and brickwork very personal. He explores structural systems (and it is worth pointing out that he puts structure in its place as subordinate to space, not overdramatizing it). He does not permit himself easy aphorisms in detailing; his carpenter's practicality prevents him from oversimplifying the means whereby the parts of the houses are joined. And room is always cannily left for human error.

Then, in bigger buildings, he becomes fascinated by mass and weight, as in Unity Temple in Oak Park (1907) and the great gone Larkin Building in Buffalo (1904): mass on the outside and soaring vertical space indoors. He insists on controlling the great walls tightly; not just placing them, but beginning them and ending them, applying pieces of decoration to make their plainness really impressive. What he is doing is all there in the drawings! (Too often, of course, only in the drawings; perhaps 30 per cent of Wright's designs were actually built.)

The very technique of these drawings — or, more properly, the several techniques — are masterly: bold but reserved, dynamic but light. It is said that Marion Mahony actually executed some of the most elegant of the renderings of the Oak Park period, but that hardly takes away from their relevance to Wright himself. He was discovering things with her hand. That he settled so soon into an oriental style in presentation drawings is not odd, either; there is also plenty of oriental feeling in the architecture.

THE LATER drawings at the show begin to lose vitality and interest. It may simply be rationalizing, but I wonder if, by the late thirties (Wright's own late sixties) Wright may have had less need to draw in order to discover things. By then, perhaps, he could decide most of it in his head, with his eyes closed — as Beethoven's ears were closed. The long introspective stalking, pencil in hand, was no longer necessary. Drawing became more a way of teaching his apprentices and fellows (who did most of the drawing, certainly) or of reassuring clients, showing them what their buildings were going to look like from various angles. A few of the drawings become crude, actually, and most of them are flat, compared with the earlier drafting.

To help substantiate this high-flown theory, the spark and virtuosity did come back into a few of the drawings of later years. The Pew House drawings, for example, indicate real curiosity about the overhang. Even as late as 1953, when a problem seemed new to the great old man, as in the case of the Masieri Memorial growing from the water in Venice, the drawing too begins to come alive. Several years ago I saw a large rendering on exhibition in Phoenix of the proposed Wright design for the Arizona State Capitol; clearly, at the last minute, he had rubbed out two towers and sketched in one in their place; and it was a great drawing, very lively.

The present show is decently hung, although there are so many drawings that it is necessary to hunker down to see some of them: the best of the marvelous San Marcos In The Desert renderings is inches from the floor. I would have kept the total number down by eliminating some of the lesser ones, but this is difficult, I know. Wilder Green, asistant director of the department of architecture and design at the Museum of Modern Art, gets credit for the show, which was a wonderful idea. A book of drawings is available, published by Horizon, with an introduction by Arthur Drexler. It is a glossy job, in heavy boards, with fair reproductions.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE EVENTS and many of the characters in Luis Buñuel's *Viridiana* are brutal, diseased, catastrophic. Yet there comes from the picture a tolerance that makes it a serene, if tragic, story. I would not suggest that Buñuel, who wrote and directed the work, is insensitive to the extreme torment with which he deals; rather that he is always aware of the humanity behind the dreadful masks.

The picture is banned in Spain, where it was made, and that somewhat puzzles me. It can be viewed as teaching that we seriously overvalue our strength when we seek salvation by our own works and outside the authority of a church. That theme should be acceptable in a country as Catholic as Spain. But perhaps the censors there, like ours here, are literal-minded men who react to scenes and not to meanings.

I do not want to get lost in the plot of *Viridiana*. Very briefly, the heroine is an almost fanatically devout novice who divorces herself from the Church because she has been involved, quite involuntarily, in the suicide of her uncle. Henceforth, she will dedicate herself to succoring the most debased and besotted outcasts of the community. Innocent, ignorant, arrogant in her sanctity, she soon finds herself outclassed in a two-way duel with her amoral charges and with her emancipated, pragmatic male cousin (they have shared in the uncle's estate).

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that Viridiana is broken on a wheel. She becomes more appealing as the world grinds down her glassy excellence (Sylvia Pinal, who plays the role, has the gift of seeming more beautiful as the picture proceeds), but I would not say that in the end she is wiser or holier. She is merely domesticated to life. *Viridiana* deals with that bitterest source of tragedy — the misdirection of zeal. The forces that pull the girl down are not so much evil as animal, and only a saint may consort in innocence with the beasts. *Viridiana* is at once a relentless and a compassionate film — and one not easily forgotten.

SEX IS about as good a subject for humor as the race has discovered, and Peter Sellers is as cunning and precise a comedian as our time has produced. It is predictable, therefore, that he can whip a froth of laughter out of the prowlings of an overactive libido. In *Only Two Can Play* he is a small-town librarian meant for bolder things — one of these being the application of his largely imaginary gifts as a lover to the improvement of his scholarly position. The wife (Mai Zetterling) of the chairman of the local library board is available for this mixture of business and monkey business.

The picture is derived from Kingsley Amis' *That Uncertain Feeling*; like the book, it also jabs excellent fun at the cultural insularity of Wales and at those slapstick familiars, amateur theatricals and waspish landladies. But, also like the book (and its title), it is somewhat uncertain in its feelings about sex. As the yarn progresses, it becomes clear that the object of Mr. Sellers' ruttish antics is one of those latter-day Circes who specialize in turning men into geldings. The encounters between them are hilarious on the surface, but their clinical undertones kept me squirming, and the final scene is plain ugly. Sex clowning should stick to pure frivolity; one drop of Krafft-Ebing will curdle the whole dish.

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Moscow vs. Peking

(*Continued from page 333*)

buckets. Mao Tse-tung handles the matter more economically. He forces no one to buy what is already cruelly lacking in his own giant nation. He is content to buy, himself, what these countries can sell, and sends his technicians and advisers without asking anything in exchange. But Peking's altruism, so prevalent on distant continents, does not apply to its neighbors in Asia. Here, Mao and his lieutenants become hard and insistent: their magnanimity is transformed into a cold and implacable nationalism. India and Indonesia have already had their fill.

Just as Khrushchev, in certain countries of Africa and Arabia, alternately uses the carrot and the stick, so too does Mao with the leaders of the underdeveloped areas of Asia. The result is that certain Asian countries are turning away from Peking and toward Moscow — India and Indonesia, for instance. To thwart this *approchement*, the Chinese would like to accelerate their influence with the innumerable Asian masses. But this would require enormous preparation and the establishment of a huge propaganda machine. Khrushchev is using every means at his disposal to oppose this Chinese aim. Thus, in this regard, the Russians find themselves on the same side of the barricade with many Asian nations and with the Americans. Moscow must hinder the Chinese from descending into the Indian Ocean and seducing 450 million Indians and 90 million Indonesians. Nehru's motivation, when he acted in Goa, was linked to his apprehensions concerning the Northeast Frontier and the Chinese — and he received formal support from Khrushchev. Sokarno is on good terms with the Indonesian Communists only as long as they obey Moscow and not Peking. Moreover, he has not forgotten the difficulties created by the tens of thousands of Chinese merchants who once pulled the strings of Indonesian commerce, and whom he expelled because they had declared themselves favorable to Mao.

Khrushchev is also watching very carefully Peking's maneuvers aimed at the encircling of Central Asia, along the borders of Siberia — that vast Asiatic territory which Russia alone, using classic colonialism methods, has so far been able to exploit. Afghanistan is another object of discord between Russia and China; actually under Soviet influence, the country is claimed by the Chinese, who want to take over absolute control, just as they want to reclaim Outer Mongolia, now the private preserve of the USSR.

Thus, the rivalry between Peking and Moscow in the underdeveloped countries — more or less hidden in Africa and Latin America, open and brutal in Asia — has taken on enormous dimensions. The USSR can win only if it obtains from the West a long-lasting agreement on peaceful coexistence. For Khrushchev, this is the only way to preserve the conquests of 1917 — and Russia itself.

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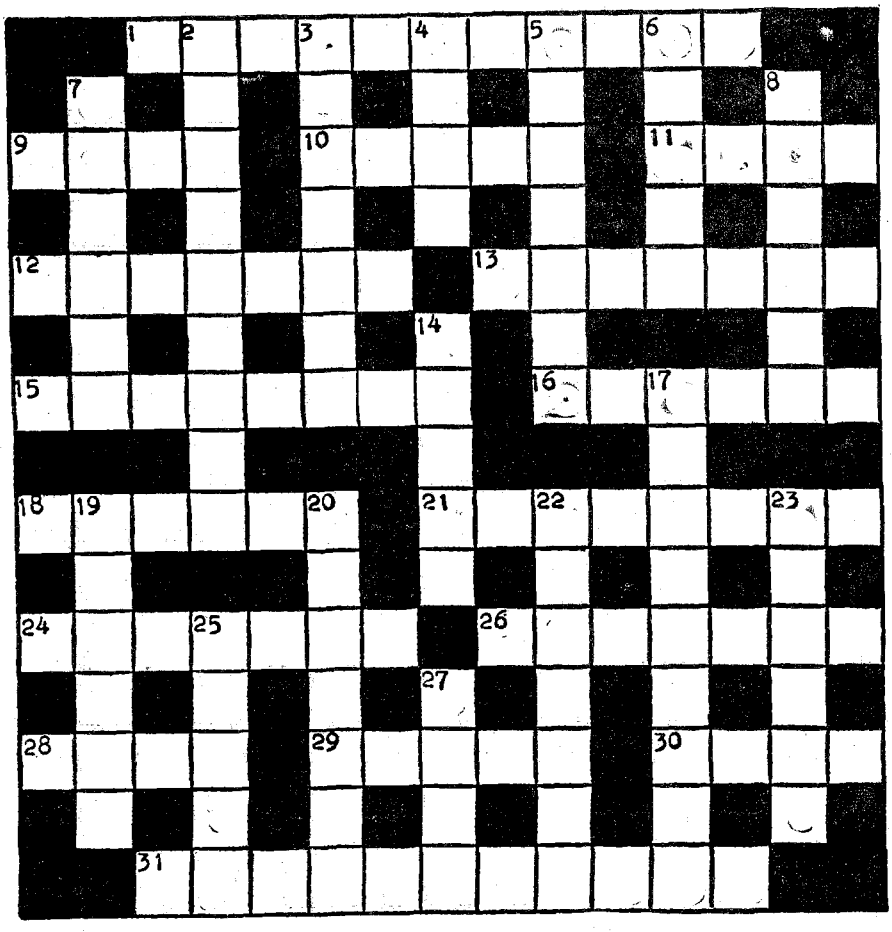
Crossword Puzzle No. 958

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Venus certainly wouldn't be a matinee idol! (7,4)
9 and 13 Satisfied with water or oil, for example? (4-7)
10 and 29 Evidently not the highest form of government to communicate as the English do, reputedly. (10)
11 There is none so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted, according to Thoreau. (4)
12 Those who outlaw headlines? (7)
13 See 9 across
15 Just a shade faithful? (4-4)
16 Rested on the ashes of something similar to 1? (6)
18 Poke a support, by the sound of it. (4,2)
21 Inclinations of houses for sale? (8)
24 The florid style of an empty old boat? (7)
26 What we might be doing to rumor of the head of the CIA, as a suggestion. (7)
28 and 17 down How to recall a shocked expression? (4,5,2,2)
29 See 10 across
30 and 31 See 2 down

DOWN:

2, 30 and 31 across Buffs the foundation of them. (9,4,11)
3 and 8 down The man in the white shirt doesn't count until the one still standing is here. (7,6)
4 This knot is always done badly. (4)
5 Werther evidently had them. (7)
6 Float far from 10. (5)
7 Put one and one together again, or just go? (6)
8 See 3 down
14 Oat and corn for breakfast and lunch? (5)
17 See 28 across
19 China, perhaps, would make even a twisted cue apt. (6)
20 Pairs us with a different 29 of old Europe. (7)
22 Extra tail-twisting appears to me to be best. (7)
23 The framework started in the old way to attempt something. (6)
25 You treat the heart of it as something not quite proper. (5)
27 A permanent twist of the actors? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 957

ACROSS: 1 Legal knowledge; 9 Thrower; 10 inexact; 11. Catarrhal; 12 Thief; 13 Lustrum; 15 Ironers; 16 Insides; 18 Dear Sir; 20 Arise; 21 Extensive; 23 Abalone; 24 Citizen; 25 Parking tickets. DOWN: 1 Let's call it a day; 2 Gyrates; 3 Lower bridgework; 4 North; 5 Whirlwind; 6 Electromagnetic; 7 Granite; 8 Staff sergeants; 14 Misdemean; 17 Spiraea; 19 Swizzle; 22 Tacit.

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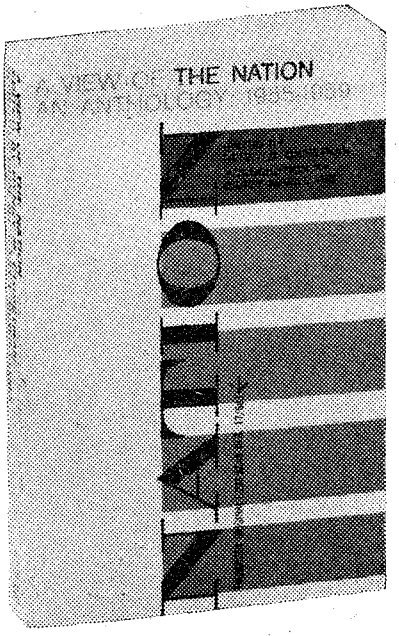

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